The Enterprise.

VOL. 5. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900. NO. 32.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
6:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 P. M. Sundays only.

SOUTH.

7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
8:02 A. M. Sundays only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
..3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	7:45	4:15
" "	11 30	
" South	—	7:00

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
South	7:00	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

Chickens in the Plum Orchard.

One can not live on a fruit farm and allow the chickens full range during the summer, for they are very destructive to grapes and the smaller fruits.

As one of our plum orchards extended quite close to the chicken-house we decided to fence off one part of the orchard with 6-foot wire netting, with the following results:

Plums have been almost a total failure with us for the past three years except within the part fenced off. Some trees within the chicken yard bore as high as 5 crates last year, while all bore a good crop.

The row just outside of the fence bore perhaps one-half of a good crop, while the next row and the remainder of the orchard bore from a few boxes to nothing at all.

Trees within the yard this spring are looking much brighter and made a far better growth than the remainder of the orchard, and at this writing, May 3, the fruit is set much heavier.

Now as to the reason, I can only say that chickens are great cultivators, scratching and enriching the soil. All the summer through the ground is kept moist and free from weeds.

Some say the chickens eat the bugs and cause a great crop of fruit. There is nothing in that at all. It is very true a chicken will eat the curculio, but that does not cause the tree to set fruit.

In conclusion, I would say fence off your plum orchard for a chicken yard, and the heavy crops will more than pay the price of fencing.

At the present time all of our plum orchards, Burbank, Abundance, Minor, and Wild Goose, have set fruit with a fair prospect of maturing a crop.—M. E. Chandler, in Kansas Farmer.

The country home affords more of the luxuries of life so far as good things to eat go, than are to be had elsewhere.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit Our Busy Readers.

The Coos Bay creamery is making over 1700 pounds of butter per day.

It is reported from Port Gamble that there is a dearth of 'longshoremen at that place, and that $5 a day is paid them.

Six hundred dollars has been subscribed to defray the expenses of a Fourth of July celebration at Chehalis, Wash.

The wheat aphis has already appeared on wheat in Marion County, Or. Grain on low, flat land is most affected.

Sneak thieves are becoming active in Olympia. Several residences have been visited by the gentry of late, and many small articles stolen.

Prominent officials in Bisbee, A. T., are authority for the statement that a railroad will soon be built from El Paso to Bisbee by the Copper Queen and Santa Fe Company.

The Port Townsend school board has decided to do away with the position of City Superintendent of Schools. This action relieves Professor Hitt from further connection with the schools.

It is said that Charles B. Hopkins, of Spokane, the manager of the Inland Long Distance Telephone system of Eastern Washington, will go to Cape Nome next month to inaugurate an exchange for the mining districts.

The inauguration of a new electric light service at Santa Ana, Cal., was celebrated by booming cannon, huge bonfires and blowing of horns and steam whistles. The whole population of the town was on the streets and the noise was deafening.

A contract has been let by Mrs. Jane L. Stanford for the new Chemistry building at the university. The total contract is slightly in excess of $100,000. The contractors are all of San Francicso. The building is to be completed in time for the fall opening.

There is a possibility of a warehouse being built at Glenwood, Wash., by the Dairy Association, for the purpose of handling all farm products, to be stored and later shipped to Vancouver, thence by boat to Portland, where the farmer will receive the full market price for his products.

The experiments that have been carried on by the O. R. & N. with brome grass and on the arid lands in the vicinity of Telosaset, south of Union, Or., have shown that the new grass will grow luxuriantly on the dry and almost barren hills. A considerable quantity of seed will be sown this year.

It is estimated that there are 1000 acres of flax that will be harvested in Linn County, Or., this year. The greater part of the flax cultivated in Linn is located on the forks of the Santiam, and the immediate vicinity of Scio. The seed, when harvested, is worth about $1 per bushel, and the fiber is used in the manufature of grain sacks, barley, etc.

Word has been received at La Grande, Or,. that the 75,000 young trout shipped to the Blue Mounta n region by the Oregon Fish and Game Association last week, reached their destination in excellent condition, and that the planting was a success in every particular. About 10,000 of them were planted in Phearson's Creek, near Pendleton. The remainder were taken to the north fork of Meacham Creek, and were distributed along the line of that creek and adjacent streams.

The directors of the Fresno Raisin Association and W. M. Griffin, representing the packers, have concluded their negotiations, and a contract acceptable to both interests has been obtained. The proposition of President Kearney to have the growers share in the seeding profits was abandoned, as the four remaining directors disapproved of it. The outside growers will now probably all come in. It is understood that Kearney will voluntarily withdraw from the presidency, which will assure harmony and the maintenance of the association.

Guatemala in Distress.

City of Mexico.—The Guatemalan advices, bringing news that can not be published in that country, says the stringency of the money market has caused a complete standstill in business. Importations have stopped from all parts of the world. Guatemala is at present flooded with paper money and silver is almost a curiosity. The acting Government is losing the confidence of the people daily. It is reported the President cannot hold the reins much longer, and that a few weeks will probaby see a repetition of the affairs of 1898.

ALLEGED NEW SCANDAL IN CUBA

An Army Officer Accused of Blackmailing Residents of Havana.

New York.—A cable to the Herald from Havana says: Army officers in Havana are interested in a movement to vindicate the honor of the military administration by demanding the recall of an Army officer from his present post at Manila to face either court-martial or criminal charges in court. This officer was a member of General Ludlow's staff during the latter's term as Military Governor. The charge is made that he used his official position to extort money from various persons.

The specific allegation is made that he levied tribute, said to amount to $4000, on Havana dairymen in consideration of not enforcing the military order requiring them to remove cows from the city to the country. Other charges made relate to his alleged acceptance of bribes from horse dealers whose animals were suspected of having glanders, to petty extortion levied on persons whose houses were subject to plumbing and other sanitary requirements, to blackmailing wine merchants whose goods were subject to sanitary inspection, and to various other exactions. The accused officer is also charged with compelling Havana hotel-keepers to board himself and his family free, under penalty of making extensive plumbing and other repairs in their places.

An investigation was made by General Chaffee, chief of staff for General Wood. I am credibly informed that General Chaffee reported the result of his investigation to General Ludlow and that the latter refused to act on it, expressing his disbelief in the charges. This caused much bitterness among the other Army officers, who declared they were all put under a cloud. Steps were taken to bring the charges to the attention of the War Department in Washington.

SPEAKS FOR THE JAPANESE.

Special Immigrant Officer at Tacoma Makes a Report on the Japanese Influx.

Washington.—Robert Watchorn, supervising special immigrant inspector at Tacoma, Wash., in a telegram to Commissioner-General Powderly, states that two steamers have arrived at Victoria, B. C., within the last few days with 900 Japanese immigrants destined for the United States, presumably to avoid possible deportation. The inspection of the arrivals by the steamship Glenogle had been completed, with the result that fifty Japanese immigrants were orderd deported.

In the course of a letter received by Powderly, Watchorn says that "public sentiment in Tacoma is strongly against the so-called 'invasion' of Japanese, and by public meetings, newspaper criticism and discussions in the meetings of workingmen's unions an anti-Japanese sentiment is being cultivated very thoroughly, and all political conventions have vigorously declared in favor of restricting or prohibiting Japanese immigration."

In discussing this matter in a subsequent letter Watchorn says: "Despite the general public outcry against this so-called invasion of Japanese, I am quite unable to identify myself with the publicly expressed sentiment that it is an unmixed evil. The cleanliness of the average Japanese immigrant, the abundance and condition of wearing apparel, the amount of cash he possesses, the diversified industries they represent, their numerous and widely separated destinations, their health and youthfulness, all tend, in my opinion, to deprive the so-called influx of much of the danger to the peace and welfare of society. Nevertheless it is quite apparent that there is some unlawful immigration being conducted as a purely commercial enterprise."

ENGLAND BEHIND THE TIMES.

Chamberlain Speaks of the Country's Lack of Industrial Schools.

London.—The Secretary of State for the colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, during the course of his speech at the meeting of the University of Birmingham, referred to Andrew Carnegie's magnificent donation to the university and the report of the deputation which, at Carnegie's suggestion, had visited the great colleges of the United States and Canada. That report, he added, showed how it was that Great Britain was behindhand in preparation for the imminent great struggle of commercial competition between nations. He eulogized the splendid system and equipment of the American and Canadian colleges, saying it was the outcome of the great liberality of the wealthy classes across the Atlantic, and earnestly appealed for imitation and emulation here.

Ancient Fountain Discovered.

London.—The Athens correspondent of the Daily Mail says: The excavators of the American School have discovered the only fountain mentioned by Pausanias in the "Agora." It is absolutey intact. The bronze lions' heads, through which flowed the water, are still in their places in the wall.

Clemency for McGowan.

Washington. — Secretary Long has accepted the recommendation of clemency of the court-martial in the case of Captain John McGowan, and has reduced the sentence of suspension on half pay from two years to six months.

FIXING HER FLEETS.

Russia Takes Steps to Make War Ships Efficient.

SQUADRON FOR ASIATIC STATION.

Five Belgian and French Refugees Reach Tien-tsin, but Nine Are Still to Be Heard From.

New York.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: Information has been received in social circles to the effect that the Russian Minister of Marine has taken measures to inrcease the efficiency of the Baltic, Black sea, Mediterranean and Asiatic fleets. There is a supposition in some circles that the orders given have reference to international politics, but the fact that the cruising programme of the fleets in foreign waters has undergone no change shows that the Russian Government desires to be prepared for any emergency that may arise.

Under the instructions given, three battleships, three coast-defense ships, one cruiser and the imperial yacht are to be held in reserve in the Baltic; five battle-ships, three torpedo gunboats, one transport, one third-class cruiser and one training-ship in the Black sea, and in the Mediterranean the Russian squadron will comprise one batttleship, three gunboats and one torpedo gunboat. The battleship Emperor Nicolas I will be withdrawn from the Mediterranean for the purpose of receiving a new armament.

A formidable fleet will be maintained by Russia in Asiatic waters. It is proposed to keep a guardship and a torpedo flotilla at Port Arthur and to maintain the fleet in Pacific waters at the following strength: Three battleships, five armored cruisers, one second class cruiser, six guboats, two torpedo gunboats, and, in addition, a torpedo-boat flotilla. The Russian Pacific squadron is to be re-enforced by one battle-ship, two cruisers, two transports, eight torpedo-boat destroyers and one second-class torpedo-boat.

WEAKEN NAVAL EFFICIENCY.

Protest Against Proposition to Make Retired Officers Do Active Service.

Washington.—Rear Admiral Crowninshield, chief of the Bureau of Navigation, has addressed to the Secretary of the Navy an emphatic protest against the Senate amendment to the naval appropriation bill providing that retired officers of the Navy may be assigned to active service in time of peace. This amendment has created much concern in Naval circles where its possible far-reaching effects on discipline and efficiency are realized and the views of Crowninshield probably reflect those of officers on the active list generally and a large proportion of retired officers who would find their status surrounded by uncertainty should the amendment be enacted into a law.

Crowninshield says: "It (the amendment) really amounts to the abolition of the retired list of the Navy, as it abolishes all of its privileges.

"The probable effect of the proposed legislation upon the efficiency of the whole body of the Navy is most serious and should receive careful consideration. In the first place it will be a blow at the esprit du corps, which will so weaken it by internal jealousies and dissensions that the efficiency of the body will be greatly injured. Officers on the active list, trained to subordination to those whom they consider properly placed over them by law, will find it very hard to give cheerful obedience to officers who, during the years of recent advancement in naval matters have been passing their time on the retired list out of all touch with modern naval matters and exempt from the hardships of the service."

Secretary Long approved the letter.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Stations to Be Established in San Francisco Harbor.

Washington. — Brigadier - General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, said that he has directed the establishment of wireless telegraphy stations in the harbor of San Francisco and in Porto Rico and the Philippines. In New York harbor it is possible that a wireless telegraph system may take the place of the cable connecting Fort Hamilton and Fort Hancock. This cable was recently found to be cut in eleven places. It is desired to connect the various points in San Francisco harbor at which guns are located. Wireless telegraphy, it is believed, will give better results than a cable.

In Porto Rico Crab island will be connected with some port on the coast of the larger island, but the establishment of stations there is merely in order to to give the officers of the Army an opportunity to learn how to operate the system. In the Philippines the system will take the place of the heliograph, which now flashes messages between Corregidor island and Manila, Bohol and Cebu and other points.

The Walla Walla Gun Cub has offered $500 added money and $500 in merchandise for a two days' tournament to be held there on July 5 and 6.

ALASKAN TELEGRAPH PLANS.

All the Military Stations Will Be Connected.

Washington.—Speaking of the military cable and telegraph system to be established in Alaska, General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., said: "Congress has appropriated $450,000 for the purpose of connecting the military headquarters of the Department of Alaska at St. Michael with the military stations in that region. It involves the laying of a cable from St. Michael to Safety harbor, and thence a land line to Cape Nome and to the north. To the eastward there will be laid a cable from St. Michael to Unalaklik, thence a land line up the valley along the Yukon to Fort Egbert, thence a land line southwest to Valdes. The length of these lines is uncertain, but it is probable the entire system will aggregate some 1700 or 1800 miles in length. It is uncertain how soon this work can be accomplished, as the Army appropriation bill has just passed, the season in Alaska is short, and the work is only being initiated. There will be no civilian operators, and the entire force, save the skilled superintendents, will be enlisted men, either of the Signal Corps or of the line of the Army.

IMPORTANT FINDS AT CORINTH.

American Archaeologists Unearth Ruins of Great Interest in Greece.

New York. — The Independent has received from Professor Rufus Richardson, director of the American School of Archaeology, Athens, the following cable message: "The American School of Archaeology at Athens has just made an important discovery at Corinth, the excavation of which site has been assigned to the American school. In excavating the agora at the depth of twenty feet an ancient Greek fountain has been found with bronze lion-head spouts in their original position. Beside this unique discovery, much valuable sculpture has been found and enough of the great Propylaea has been laid open to make it possible to restore the topography of Corinth. The Greek Government finds these discoveries so important that it will build a special museum for preserving the monuments that have been recovered."

RUSSIA WARNS TURKEY.

Sultan Told That the Armenian Outrages Must Cease.

Constantinople.—Russia has, through her Embassador here, served notice upon the Sultan that the Armenian persecutions must stop, and there must be a prompt settlement for outrages recently committed. The notice amounts almost to an ultimatum, for it was couched in plain and peremptory language. The Sultan was told that unless the warning was heeded, Russia herself would send an armed force into the disturbed district. There is alarm in court circles over this latest threat, and it is said in diplomatic circles that there will be at least a show of disposition to heed the warning.

Lake Washington Canal.

Washington. — Attorney - General Griggs has passed upon and accepted all abstracts of titles for right of way for the Lake Washington canal near Seattle. Papers have been sent to the Secretary of War and it only remains for him to issue the necessary instructions to the Chief of Engineers before work can begin. The appropriation of $175,000 is already available and probably is sufficient to carry on work until Congress further provides in the river and harbor bill next session. This canal will extend from Puget sound to Lake Washington, making of the latter a deep water harbor. The canal will be five miles long.

Curios From Malay Peninsula.

London.—Finds of rare interest have been brought back by the Skeat expedition. They include peripatus ichtlyoptus, some queer spiny-haired mice and quaint lizards. Some fossils were also found, a great rarity in the Malay peninsula. There is a large collection of ethnological objects from goldsmiths' weghts no bigger than a grain of rice to Malay village stocks. Very many of this class have reference to Malay industries and will serve to fill gaps in the Skeat collections previously given to Cambridge Ethnological Museum. One grewsome treasure is a Sakia or negrito skeleton bought by Skeat from a chief, but the explorer had to dig it up himself.

For Cuban Independence.

Washington.—Representative King of Utah has introduced a joint resolution directing the President to issue a proclamation declaring the purposes of the United States toward Cuba and its inhabitants and to leave the government of Cuba to its people. A constitutional convention is provided for to be held at Havana in July next for the formation of an organic act, after which the resolution provides for the entire withdrawal of the United States military forces and the termination of the authority of the United States.

Currents That Kill Bacteria.

London.—The Vienna correspondence of the Daily Chronicle says: A discovery by Herr Zierler, a dentist, has been reported to the Hygienic Institute of Wurzburg University, whereby certain electric currents will destroy bacteria, thus painlessly healing disease.

The Horse Not a Back Number.

The display of nearly $2,000,000 worth of roadsters in the parade of the Road Drivers' Association in New York indicates that after all the bicycle and automobile have not yet done so much to displace the horse as a means of diversion. Doubtless for strict utilitarian purposes mechanical devices will supplant the horse just as the locomotive with its train of cars superseded the stage coach. The automobile may take the place of the horse for actual service, but it cannot in the nature of things find the place in the affections of men that the horse has established for himself. If it be true that the tastes and inclinations of men are the product of environment during successive stages, it is plain that, having been the companion and servant of man for many years, the horse along with the dog, has a fixed place in the natural affection of men.

Last summer a considerable uneasiness was manifested among horse breeders because foreign bidders are outbidding Americans at the annual horse sales. An apprehension existed that the best of our stock would be taken abroad, and that, being able to raise their own roadsters and racing horses, the foreign horse fanciers would not be compelled to patronize America when they sought especially fine roadsters and mounts. But this condition does not appear to have developed to an alarming extent. In a great measure the Ameircan horse has become the standard of horse excellence abroad. The "broncho" is sought by the British army for service in South Africa; the Missouri mule is desired for draft purposes; the superiority of American draft horses is recognized everywhere. Locally Chicago has great interest in the horse trade not only because much excellent stock is owned here, but because this city is the most extensive horse market in the country.

Altogether it does not appear that the day of the horse is over by any means.—Chicago Record.

the whole story of Cyrus Noble whiskey.

age-purity

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Being made a scapegoat is generally too serious to be looked on as a kid.

Because a man charged with murder pleads guilty is considered good evidence by the lawyers that he is insane.

There is no particularly serious feature about the fact that the growth of golf has increased tramps in the country.

Munkacsy has lived and died, and still there are thousands of people who do not know yet how to pronounce his name.

The new bicycle tires that contain a large percentage of asbestos are perhaps intended for the exclusive use of scorchers.

What a blessing it is to die poor! There is left no will to fight over and reputation is secure from vandalism and scandal.

Automobilists and bicyclers may each be strongly prejudiced in favor of their particular wheel fads, but why start running each other down?

Statistics say that $5,000,000 invested in the United States in the manufacture of playing cards. As much more is invested daily in "playing" cards.

The woman who starved herself to death in treatment of rheumatism had the satisfaction of knowing as she expired that a cure had been effected.

Forty-five trumpeters accompany the King of Abyssinia wherever he goes. Here is one man at least who doesn't have to toot his own horn to be heard of.

Gov. Powers of Maine styles this "the sunset year of the nineteenth century." His excellency should be careful or he may be accused of poaching upon Grover Cleveland's epigrammatic preserves.

Youthful jokers in a Boston suburb caused the death of a prominent doctor by stretching a wire over which he tripped. The wonder is that this variety of "jokes" does not more often lead to fatal affairs.

"Why should women wear hats in church?" asks Editor Richardson in the Atlanta Journal. Why not go to the very root of the matter and inquire why millinery establishments are permitted to exist?

A New Jersey judge has ordered the mothers of bad boys to spank them in court. This will relieve New Jersey fathers of bad boys and at the same time leave the judge secure in his position. There is no bad boy vote.

Now that they have found a shell which will pierce the heaviest armor somebody has found a way to make the armor resist it. Thus the game has proceeded from the first, and so it will continue to the end.

It appears that the pie bakers of New York are quite unable to keep up with their orders. They can't find the necessary expert help required and the demand frequently has to go unsatisfied. Which seems to show that this ancient form of dessert is holding its own handsomely against the inroads of the frapped sweets and frothy nothings of the French cookbooks.

"That is the eighth boy," said the matron of a city employment bureau recently, "who has come to-day to engage a cook, laundress or parlor maid. Moreover, each one has made a good selection, stated his requirements clearly, and finished in half the time his mother or sister would have occupied." The new boy is as distinct a product of the age as the new woman. He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothes, manage a bachelor establishment for his father and himself, make out the menus and do chafing-dish cookery, all without losing his rank in school or his prestige among his boy mates.

Brunswick, Me., a place of about 7,000 inhabitants, is probably the first municipality in the United States to undertake forest planting on a large scale, or what is practically the old world institution of a town forest. The town owns a tract of about 1,000 acres of what was once pine land, but long since given over to fire and huckleberries. At a recent meeting of the council $100 was appropriated to improve this land by planting it to white pine. Seed will be purchased and a nursery established to raise the young trees. At the right age they will be transplanted in rows and set out in the positions they will finally occupy and will then require little more care except protection from fire. The land at present it absolutely unproductive. If the new plan is successful it will not only be ornamental, but profitable. Town forests are common in Europe and often furnish a large part of the municipal revenue.

There are two facts which will make the year 1900 an epoch-marker in human events: 1. It will be the first time in the history of mankind that sixteen millions of freemen have voted in the choice of their national Chief Magistrate. 2. The man whom they elect will be the first American President inaugurated in the twentieth century, and from his inauguration the progress of the American people will be reckoned during that century. There is indeed no way of indicating the growth of this nation that is more striking than to state the record of a few of its Presidential votes. Abraham Lincoln received a popular vote of less than 2,000,000 in a total vote of 4,680,193. That was only forty years ago. Garfield was elected in 1880 by a vote of 4,449,053 in a total of 9,209,416. The President chosen this year will certainly poll a popular vote of 8,000,000 or thereabouts—four times as many as were cast for Lincoln and nearly twice as many as were cast for all candidates in 1880.

Princess Stephanie, daughter of the King of the Belgians, has written a book on love. In it she tells her readers whom to love, when to love, how to love and where to love. She discusses the conditions that make for love, the chances of various temperaments and characters for inspiring love, and in order to reach as many would-be lovers as possible, the Princess, who has been through a finishing school, writes some of her rules in several languages. This is interesting, but it is labor thrown away. There is no art of loving. It cannot be learned from any book. If it could, of course a young and pretty princess would be an acceptable teacher. But in that case we might improve the situation by starting colleges to train other teachers, and have young people duly instructed on how to love successfully, according to rule and precept. The fact that the author of this book has had a wide experience in Cupid's court does not prove that she is an apt teacher in anything beyond the mere etiquette and outward forms of love-making. Although the story of love is said to be threadworn, it is never told twice alike. No lover can expound its mysteries to another. It is the one unique thing in creation.

In a recent divorce suit in the District of Columbia the wife was given a decree and alimony, but her prayer for the custody of their children was dismissed and the father named as custodian instead. The decision was upon purely economic grounds. The Judge held that a father is the guardian that the law recognizes and the one that the law holds to be responsible for proper support and education, and in discharging the responsibility that the law places upon him a father should not be hampered in deciding what is the best for his charges. It is an unwelcome precedent. Nature intended mothers to be the rearers as well as the bearers of children. No judgment that a father may possess can compensate for the loss of parental direction inspired by maternal love, love born with and growing with the child. There are exceptions that prove the rule, of course. The legal responsibility that influenced the novel decision could have been removed by awarding the custody of the children to the mother and requiring that the father pay a stipulated sum at regular intervals for the proper support and education of the children. He will have to pay much more for inferior attention. To say nothing of natural or acquired disposition or capacity for directing the steps of the children that fathers do not possess and of which mothers have an overabundance, fathers are required to absent themselves from home pursuing their vocations. The attention that they can not give, even if possessing the aptitude, needs must be purchased. Considering only the welfare of the children, the only consideration that is entitled to a hearing, how much better it would have been for the court to have ordered that the purchase of this attention should be from the mother, by giving them into her custody and commanding the father to contribute to their support. The law's responsibility would have been discharged and nature's object furthered.

Mr. Gladstone's Will.

The "great commoner" was as simple in the act of devising his worldly goods as he had been all his life in other things. He wrote his will in a common memorandum book, with his own hand, in his peculiarly neat and legible handwriting. The most interesting part of the document is the second clause, relating to funeral arrangements, which was striktly carried out:

Commending myself to the infinite mercies of God in the Incarnate Son as my only and sufficient hope, I leave the particulars of my burial to my executors, specifying only, that it is to be very simple and also private, unless they shall consider that there are conclusive reasons to the contrary. That I desire to be buried where my wife may also lie. That on no account shall any laudatory inscription be placed over me.

A Fine Memory.

W. Bourke Cockran, the Democratic orator, is said to have a marvelous memory. James D. Hughes relates in the Philadelphia Record that several years ago he sat in the third row in the balcony of a hall in Cleveland, Ohio, when Mr. Cockran delivered an address there. Two years later he was presented to Mr. Cockran. He said: "I do not remember having met you, but your face is familiar to me." Mr. Hughes replied that Mr. Cockran had never seen him before, but that he had seen Mr. Cockran in the West. "Ah, yes," he cried, quickly, "at Cleveland two years ago, you sat in the balcony." Mr. Cockran afterward explained that the faces of his auditors are strongly stamped upon his mind whenever he speaks in public, and remain upon his memory for years afterward.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Highest Inhabited Place.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the custom-house of Ancomarca, in Peru, it being 16,000 feet above the sea.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

The learned Prince of Granada, heir to the Spanish throne, imprisoned by order of the Crown for fear he should aspire to the throne, was kept in solitary confinement in the old prison at the Place of Skulls, Madrid. After thirty-three years in this living tomb death came to his release, and the following remarkable researches, taken from the Bible and marked with an old nail on the rough walls of his cell, told how the brain sought employment through the weary years:

In the Bible the word "Lord" is found 1,853 times.

The word "Jehovah," 6,855 times.

The word "reverend" but once, and that in the ninth verse of Psalm cxi.

The eighth verse of the ninety-seventh Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest.

The thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John is the shortest.

In the one hundred and seventh Psalm four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first.

Ezra vii., 21, contains all the letters of the alphabet, except j.

Each verse of the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm ends alike.

No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible.

The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and nineteenth chapter of Second Kings are alike.

The word "girl" occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the third verse of the third chapter of Joel.

There are found in both books of the Bible 3,538,483 letters, 773,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books.

The twenty-sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles is the finest chapter to read.

The most beautiful chapter is the twenty-third Psalm.

The four most interesting promises are John xiv., 2; vi., 37; Matthew xi., 28; Psalm xxxvii., 4.

The first verse of the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah is the one for the new convert.

All who flatter themselves with vain boasting should read the sixth chapter of Matthew.

All humanity should learn the sixth chapter of St. Luke from the twentieth verse to its ending.

God's Ideals.

We live more than we know by great emotions. When we are stirred by these the flats of life are obliterated. Our petty gains and losses count for naught. We are lifted out of littleness into the pure ether of God's ideas. Our growth is in noble instants, when the selfish and the mean are consumed in passionate pity, admiration, or gratitude. These moments are good for a nation as for an individual. The thrill that makes a whole people feel as one is the moment of greatest import. Chivalric souls still exist. They are in the next street, the next house, perhaps in our own home. How glorious when they are discovered by the glow of opportunity! Then we see that the commonplace, the literal side of life is not too broad to exclude the poetry that lies inherent in all, and will come forth in the heat of great occasions. The race waits for the highest possible achievement in the realm of the soul, the reaffirmation of sublime facts. Heroism is one of these that in its complex nature defies analysis, but is recognized by the instant response of humanity. It throws itself without question into the gulf of necessity. No matter how costly the sacrifice, how noble the victim, it gives itself without stint or question and the race is lifted up toward its star. A new step is gained. There is nothing better to try for in this humdrum world. So we would celebrate that generous ardor of youth that stops not to quibble or debate, but, being of the soldiers of God and hearing the word of command, goes forth to victory or to death, which is, perhaps, a higher victory.—Christian Register.

Practicing the Presence of God.

There lived in the middle ages a lad named Nicholas Herman. He was an awkward youth, breaking everything he touched. One day the thought was brought home with great force to his mind that God was everywhere and that he might have the constant thought of His presence with him and do all things to His glory. The thought transformed his life. He soon afterwards entered a monastery. Here he was assigned, as his daily duty, the menial task of washing the kitchen kettles and pots. But, to use his own expression, he "practiced the presence of God" in his humble toil. That kitchen became so holy a place that men took long journeys to meet Nicholas Herman and to converse with him. Some of his conversations and letters have been published under the title of "The Practice of the Presence of God," so that not only in his life was his influence felt by the church of Christ, but for many years after.—Rev. R. A. Torrey.

Our Thoughts.

The affections are the pulse of the soul. If we would know its state, we must observe how that pulse beats. How do I stand affected to sin? Do I dread it as most dangerous, loathe it as most odious, and complain of it as most grievous? Or do I make light of it? Which lies the heavier, the burden of sin or the burden of affliction, and of which am I the most desirous to be relieved? What do I think of Christ? Do I love him and prize him as the fairest among ten thousand? Or hath he in mine eyes no form nor comeliness, and is he no more than another beloved? How do I stand affected to the word and ordinances? Are God's tabernacles amiable to me, or are they despicable? Am I in God's service as in my element, as one that calls it a delight? Or am I in it as under confinement, as one that calls it a drudgery? How do I stand affected to good people? Do I love the image of Christ wherever I see it, though it be in rags, or though not in my own color? Do I honor them that fear the Lord, and choose his people for my people in all conditions? Or do I prefer the gayeties of the world before the beauties of holiness? How do I stand affected to this world? Is it under my feet, where it should be, or in my heart, where Christ should be? By such inquiries we may come to know our own selves.—Matthew Henry.

The Day-Star of Hope.

When the day-star of hope rises strong
in our hearts,
And our pathway is lighted with love;
Then the soul sings with joy as upward
it starts,
When the Spirit descends like a dove.

When that bright, shining star all its
glory reveals,
Joy lifts the heart from darkness and
gloom,
While faith points with love to the beautiful fields,
Where the flowers of life ever bloom.

How dark when the day-star shines dim
to our eyes,
And we tremble with fear and alarm;
Then we look with our tears till it beams
from the skies,
Then it cheers up the soul with its
charm.

Bright day-star of hope may we keep it
in sight,
In the midst of the fast rolling years;
For it gives to our hearts a sweet thrill
of delight,
As it smiles in the midst of our tears.

Dear day-star of hope, let us bask in thy
light,
While our songs to thy glory we raise,
When permitted to joys now hidden from
sight,
To the giver we'll render all praise.
—L. Boon.

Influence of One Faithful Soul.

The enlargement of a church in Quincy, Mich., and its recent rededication testify anew to the power one person may exert in a community. Thirty years ago Quincy was but a hamlet, and the Presbyterian church being reduced to a single member, the presbytery dissolved the church and sent a committee to get the minutes. Mrs. Patter refused either to give up the minutes or to be "dissolved." "What the presbytery should do," was her plucky answer, "is to send us a minister." Her advice was taken, and to-day the church is happy, hopeful and flourishing. It lived simply because one earnest Christian woman would not let it die.

An Incident in the Philippines.

An incident of campaigning in the Philippines as related by James Douglas, a Phillipsburg soldier boy: "During my first watch I wanted a chew of tobacco. I had to loosen my belt to get it, and so I set my rifle down. I had just taken a chew and fastened my belt, and was in the act of reaching for my rifle when I heard the report of a rifle and felt a stinging sensation along my right side. I dropped to the ground, and as I did so I saw a rebel in the act of taking another bead at me. He fired and missed, and then started to run, but I caught him on the go. The bullet hit him just at the nape of the neck and passed through his brain. His first shot took my 'first aid package' out of my right shirt pocket, and just burned my side. I was scared, too, I can tell you."—Kansas City Journal.

Light from Sea Power.

Mr. Fletcher, an English engineer, is the inventor of a buoy that contains a complete electric lighting installation—fully protected against the roughness of the waves and furnished with an electric lantern. As the buoy rides on the sea, the action of the waves, causing one portion of it to rise and fall continuously, sets a pump at work which throws a stream of water at high pressure on to a turbine. The turbine, revolving at a high rate, is connected to a dynamo which generates electricity, and thus, at practically no cost, the beacon light is lit.—Pearson's Magazine.

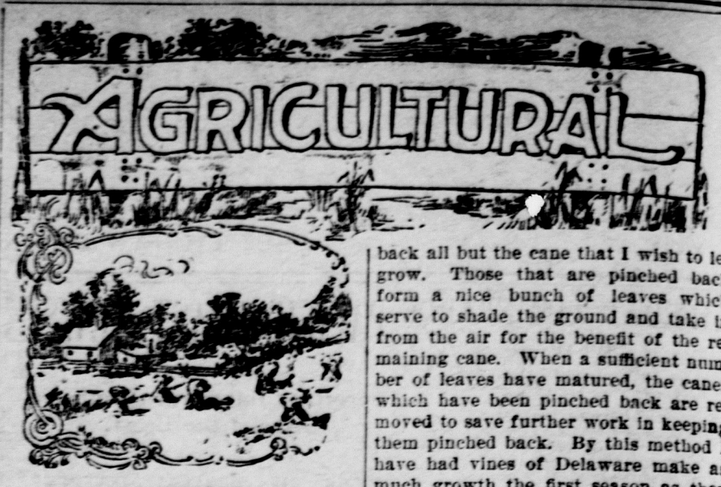
Wanted the Correct Change.

Another "meanest man" has been found. He lives in this city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a seedy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny." The mean man, after searching himself, said: "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents." The beggar requests that his name be not mentioned in connection with the item. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

English the First of Languages.

Writing on the decline of the French language, Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

The self-made man always venerates his creator.



The Angora Goat.

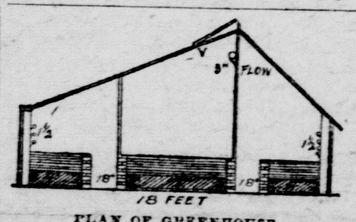
The accompanying picture shows what the Angora goat is like. Its chief value is in its fleece, which supplies a material known as mohair, that is now largely used in manufactures for serges and coarser woolen goods, braids and bindings, for which no sheep wool is fitted. It is, of African

ANGORA GOATS.

origin, being kept in large flocks in that part of northern Africa known as Dongola, a part of the Soudan, where the British armies recently subdued the barbarous Dervishes. The skins of this kind of goat are extensively used for leather, of which the Dongola kid shoes for women are made. There is a large amount of the wool and skins imported into every civilized country, and especially into North America, where women and children do not go barefoot, and need light shoes. There is an extensive interest arisen of late in the United States in regard to this goat, and large flocks of them are being formed in many localities.

Greenhouse Plan.

A plan of a greenhouse and the arrangement of pipes for heating is shown in the accompanying cut. The width is eighteen feet, the length as may be desired. The walls are four feet high. The benches are set on the ground and are eighteen inches high;

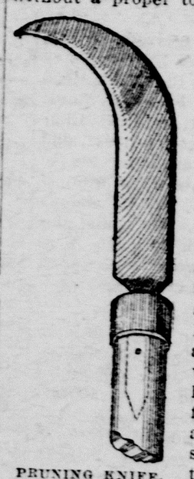


PLAN OF GREENHOUSE.

the side ones are four feet wide and the middle ones seven. The dark space in the benches represent the filling of stones or broken bricks for drainage of the beds. There are seven distributing heat pipes, one three inches in diameter at the top, which branches into four inch and a half pipes on the north side, and three on the south. Whether steam or hot water be used, the pipes must slope sufficiently to cause the water to flow in a steady current. The depth of soil in the benches is ten inches. The best way to heat a house of this kind is by steam. The steam is condensed on its passage and the water is returned to the boiler, thus forming a steady circuit through the pipes.

Good Pruning Knife.

Any one having tried to cut the old wood of raspberries and blackberries without a proper tool knows that the job is anything but a pleasant one. The force necessary to cut an old woody cane is sometimes quite enough to pull up a whole raspberry plant. To make cutting easy one should draw the knife across the object to be cut. A writer in Farm and Fireside says: I have lately come across a knife that works well. I have tested it and find it superior to anything I have seen. Looking at the accompanying illustration, one might suppose a knife of such shape would slip off instead of cutting. But that is not so. In testing it one will be surprised how nicely it will do the cutting. It will slip just enough to give the drawing motion, and thus it will sever the hard cane from the stub with the least outlay of strength. The illustration represents the shape of the knife exactly as it should be. A good blacksmith should be able to make one out of a wornout flat file. It should be inserted in an old hoe handle, or something of that order.



PRUNING KNIFE.

Starting Grape Vines.

I have had good success in inducing young grape vines to make a vigorous growth the first year by the following method: When set they are cut back to two or three eyes and from these they usually start a number of canes. Some let all of these grow the first season, others remove all but one. I do neither. Any plant to make a good growth needs plenty of leaves. When my vines start into growth in the spring I pinch back all but the cane that I wish to let grow. Those that are pinched back form a nice bunch of leaves which serve to shade the ground and take in from the air for the benefit of the remaining cane. When a sufficient number of leaves have matured, the canes which have been pinched back are removed to save further work in keeping them pinched back. By this method I have had vines of Delaware make as much growth the first season as they usually do in two.—Burrell Stephens.

First Principles with Bees.

Bees when frightened by smoke will immediately gorge themselves with honey and lose all inclination to sting.

The most vicious colony of hybrids may be controlled by using a little tobacco in the smoke.

The prosperity of a colony depends upon the fertility of the queen. If weak colonies have become populous in one season kill the queen and give them another.

Toads, skunks and mice are great enemies to bees; see that they do not have access to the apiary.

Increasing or dividing should be done as early as possible, but not until stores are coming in abundantly.

Drones are just as essential as any other bee, but too many are a nuisance. This may be controlled by cutting out drone comb and substituting worker comb or foundation.

Drones may be prohibited in objectionable colonies by dividing early in the spring.

"Keep all colonies strong."

Care of Milk and Churning.

As soon as drawn from the cow, put the milk where no bad odors can reach it, or better, as soon as a pail is filled strain it into the can and place in a tank of cold water or run through the separator, if one is used. If ice is plentiful, reduce the temperature of the water to 45 degrees and practically all the cream will be obtained. Do not mix the night's and morning's milk if the best grade of butter is expected. Change the water in the tank often enough to prevent its becoming foul. If the water is kept at about 55 degrees, practically all the cream will rise in twenty-four hours. Skim, and when enough is obtained for a churning, raise to a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees to ripen. Hasten the ripening by using sour skim milk as a starter. In winter churn at 65 degrees; in summer 55 to 60 is preferable. As soon as the granules are the size of wheat grains, draw off and wash until all the buttermilk is removed. Work, salt and market as soon as possible. If you are so unfortunate as to get a poor grade of butter it must be consumed at once or it will soon be unfit for use.

Growing Corn.

Prepare your ground with a fine pulverized surface. Mark rows 3 feet 6 inches to 3 feet 8 inches apart. Plant either in hills or drill rows. When your corn is large enough to plow, commence by plowing the first row on the side of the field. Skip every other row. When you have gone over the entire field in this way, commence plowing the rows which have been missed. I find that by this method it is much easier to turn without breaking down corn at the ends, especially so after corn is knee high or higher. In dry hot weather this method of plowing keeps down the weeds better, and is less injurious to the roots of the corn. This method retains the moisture much better than plowing the rows as they come. We are able also to kill weeds in the center of rows much more readily because those that have not died as the result of the first plowing may be killed on the second.—S. A. Hofman.

Crops that Pay Best.

Small farms can be made to combine many advantages. Some poultrymen grow plums in the poultry yards, and also keep bees. Others grow early vegetables under glass and also grow two or three crops in the open ground. One gardener near Philadelphia makes a large profit on four acres, on which he grows only lima beans. Another makes peas a specialty, following the peas with late cabbage. To attempt to "farm" four acres in the usual way, with wheat, corn, oats, etc., would cause bankruptcy. The crops that pay best are those that require the most hand labor.

The English Sparrow.

A law has been enacted in France exempting the sparrow from the protection which is given to insect-eating birds, and the farmers are declaring a war of extermination against them. The evidence of experts was taken who had examined the contents of the stomachs of hundreds if not thousands of them, killed at various seasons of the year, and they all pronounced them injurious to farmers as being grain eaters and also destructive of fruits and leaf buds, and that the insects they ate were but few, and not among those most troublesome in gardens and orchards.

Farm Economy.

Economy on the farm is where the profits are made. The utilization of foods that are usually wasted will permit of keeping more stock and cheapening the cost of production. A leading New York farmer states that the saving of only 1 cent a day on the cost of each cow in the State would amount to over $6,000,000 a year. The gain of only one quart of milk a day would make an additional profit of $12,000,000 in one year.

OLD AGE CREEPING ON.

Oh! lay thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine,
But age enricheth true love
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A-many cares are pressing
On this dear head,
But sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

Oh! lean thy life on mine. dear,
'Twill shelter thee!
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree.
And so, till boughs are leafless
And birds are flown,
We'll twine, they lay us, griefless,
Together down.
—Gerald Massey.

A Western Girl's Story.

"AFRAID!" I cried out with a laugh. "Why on earth should I be afraid?"

And I suppose my face must have mirrored forth the careless independence of my spirit, for my brother's rugged countenance brightened up as I spoke.

We lived alone upon a solitary road, miles away from any human dwelling place, in one of those antique, gable-ended farmhouses which look so picturesque to an artist's eye in the summer time and so indescribably desolate when November gales are howling around the chimney tops or winter snows are heaping up their feathery pearl upon the doorstone; we—that is, the old bedridden aunty, my brother Robert and myself. As for a servant girl, dear me, when I become rheumatic or lose the use of my limbs I might need one, not before.

We had just received $100 from the railroad people for the year's wood which Bob had cut and hauled to the junction—$100, all in nice, clean, crackling tens—and Bob and I and Aunt Jemima all agreed—for once entirely unanimous—that so much money ought not to remain over night in the house.

So Bob was taking the $100 to the Ottarsfield bank, twenty miles away, over a rough and uneven bridle road. And I and Aunt Jemima were left alone.

In spite of my reassurance Aunt Jemima persisted in going to sleep with a flatiron and two pokers under her pillow.

I sat before the fire until past 9 o'clock, finishing a pair of gray mixed stockings that I was knitting for Bob. And then, rising with a yawn, I looked out of the windows. It was raining and——

Merciful heavens! I started back with a low cry, as I saw a white, wild face pressed suddenly against the outer side of the pane—a face made paler still by the contrast of a heavy black mustache, and hair the most raven jet I ever saw.

My first impulse was to run and hide, my second to face the matter out.

"What do you want?" I asked, opening the window a little way. "Who are you?"

"I am a belated traveler. I need food—rest—rags to bind up my hurt foot. See!" And then I saw that one of his feet was bleeding.

I hesitated an instant. He perceived my doubt.

"You are afraid to let the vagrant in," he said, bitterly. "Well, I don't wonder much. But there's no danger. Let me in, as you have a dear father or brother of your own. Give me but a crust of bread, a drink of milk. I will go on my way with the earliest dawn of the morning."

My decision was taken at once. His pale face, his blood-stained foot, his piteous voice, so unlike the professional whine of the regular mendicant, all appealed to my womanly pity. I remembered my brother's caution, but I also remembered that there was an unused one-story wing, on the north end of the house, fitted up in a rude sort of way for the occasional sleeping place of the additional farm hands that we needed in the height of the season of harvest.

"Go around to the farther door," said I. "I will let you in."

I admitted him accordingly. Gaunt, pale and limping, he came in.

"There is a bed," said I. "And here is food. While you eat I will get salve and a bandage for your foot."

When I returned he was eating as greedily as if he had not tasted food for a week, and drinking long draughts of coffee.

"You are hungry," said I, kneeling to my task.

"I hope you may never be as near starvation as I have been this day," he responded, in a low, thrilling voice. "Thank you, young woman—the foot feels easier now."

So I left him.

I went to bed and fell fast asleep in less than fifteen minutes.

The sound of the old wooden clock striking 3—or something else—roused me, and, opening my eyes, I saw the shrouded light of a dark lantern in the room, and by its glimmer three men were searching the contents of the old hair trunk that stood underneath the window.

I started up with a scream—probably the most imprudent thing I could have done—but I did not stop at that instant of terror to measure the consequences.

"Stop that girl's squeaching pipe," muttered a low, threatening tone, and the next instant an iron hand was upon my throat, my eyelids seemed staring from their sockets, and a horrible death by suffocation seemed closing around me.

In the self-same second, however, I saw the deadly white face of the man I had so recently succored and fed, in the doorway. I heard the click of a pistol being cocked. My first impression was that he belonged to the gang—that he had made an entrance into the house through my weak pity, and afterward admitted his comrades, but ah! how unjustly I judged him.

"Let go that girl's throat, or I'll send a brace of bullets through your brain!" he shouted, and instantaneously I was free. "Now, then, get out of this! Drop everything. Quick! Do you see this pistol? It carries charges enough to send every one of you to kingdom come quicker than lightning."

His eloquence was of a most persuasive nature. One of the men dropped a red leather pocketbook of papers that I recognized as Bob's; another let fall a calico bag containing Aunt Jemima's six silver teaspoons, and all three tumbled out of the door in hot haste. My unknown friend calmly examined the fastenings.

"The bolt has been pried away," said he, "but I can fix it in a minute. And even if I did not, I hardly think they will be likely to come again after the lesson I have read them."

"How can I ever thank you!" I cried, almost hysterically, in my mingled terror and gratitude.

"I was thinking to-night as I watched you bind up my foot that I would like to do something for you," he said in a low tone, "and I have done it. Good-night."

Early the next morning I carried a tray of breakfast in to him, but he was gone. From that time to this I have never seen or heard of him, except that once in an illustrated newspaper I saw his portrait as the detected murderer of half a dozen travelers on the Omaha plains—an accomplished villain—a cold-blooded wretch, who thought no more of extinguishing the sparks of a human life than others do of killing a fly—so read his biography—and I shuddered to recollect how utterly we poor women were at his mercy on that December night, and of how he spared and shielded us.

Bob never knew of that night's adventure. Aunt Jemima never knew. It is a secret that I keep to myself.

Books for Summer Reading.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Parkington as she began making plans for her summer campaign, "I wish I knew just what books to take. I haven't room 'to have and to hold' all of them, nor time to devour that mess of 'Red Pottage' and hardly to finish my 'Day's Work.' I wonder if George would like me to take 'The Gentleman from Indiana' along. He might say, 'Vengeance Is Mine.' However, he can hardly object to the 'Little Minister.' I must put in a Bible and prayer book. I wonder what he'd like to take for himself. There he is. I'll ask him."

Which she did.

"There's one I've got to take," said George, "and it won't do to put it into the trunk. I shall want it along with me."

"Which is that?" she asked.

"The one bound in leather and stamped. The contents are printed and published in Washington."

"Oh," she said, "some stupid old government publication."

But the book he meant was his pocketbook.

The Oldest Letter.

Probably the oldest letter in the world is the letter of the Panbesa, written fifteen centuries before Christ, to his friend Amenemapt, the scribe.

The manuscript is of perishable papyrus, and it is amazing that it should have survived for more than thirty centuries and still be legible.

It is preserved in the collection of the British Museum. It has been several times translated during the present century. It presents an interesting picture of life in Egypt in the time of Rameses II. It is more in the nature of a literary production, a poem composed in celebration of the visit of Pharaoh to the city of Pa-Rameses than an ordinary letter of to-day.

Panbesa "greets his Lord, the scribe Amenemapt, to whom be life, health and strength," and then goes on to describe the verdant fields, the thrashing floors, the vineyards, the groves of olives, the orchards of figs; the great daily markets with their fish and water fowl and swarms of purchasers.

The citizens had their "sweet wine of Khemi, pomegranate wine, and wine from the vineyard," and to these they added "beer of Kati."

There was music in plenty furnished by the singers of the school of Memphis.

On the whole, Pa-Rameses seems to have been a pleasant place to live in. "The lesser folk are there equal with the great folk," and Panbesa writes that its maidens were in "holiday attire every day," with locks "redolent of perfumed oil."—Kansas City Journal.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Another Edison Invention.

The manager of the electrical exposition in Philadelphia asked Mr. Edison to send on a phonographic cylinder setting forth some of his latest ideas of electrical interest. Mr. Edison complied in his own way. The message was as follows:

"My Dear Marks—You ask me to send you a phonographic cylinder for your lecture this evening and to say a few words to the audience. I do not think the audience would take any interest in dry scientific subjects, but perhaps they might be interested in a little story that a man sent me on a phonographic cylinder the other day from San Francisco. In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease, and finally found down in the San Joaquin valley a spring the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He thereupon started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club. Yours truly,

EDISON."

A Fortune for a Single Flower.

The purchasing power of money in the seventeenth century is shown by an article in the Ladies' Home Journal, on the tulip craze in Holland, which reached its height about 1634. At a sale of bulbs, about that date, a single one of the Viceroy variety was purchased by delivering to the seller two hundred bushels of wheat, four hundred bushels of rye, four fat pigs, eight fat oxen, twelve fat sheep, two hogsheads of wine, two barrels of beer, five hundred pounds of butter, one bedstead with pillows, mattresses, blankets, etc., one thousand pounds of cheese, one suit of clothes, and one silver goblet. The money value of the bulb was one thousand dollars, but as the purchaser did not have the cash the seller was willing to accept its equivalent in the form just recited, notwithstanding that it was somewhat bulky and diversified.

Studying a Prodigy.

At Indiana University a 19-year-old boy who possesses extraordinary powers of arithmetical calculation is under investigation to determine, scientifically, the nature of his mental processes. It has been found that a tenacious memory underlies much of his singular power, the rapidity of his calculations depending upon the great quantity of number relations which he has memorized, as well as upon the short cuts that he has invented.

The surprise at an amateur concert is the number of good places for stopping which are disregarded by the performers, who keep right on.

Dignity may stoop to conquer, but it never grovels in the dust.

THE ALUM BAKING POWDERS.

Names of Some of the Principal Brands Sold in this Vicinity.

The recent discussion in the papers of the effect upon the human system of food made with alum baking powders and the opinions that have been published from noted scientists to the effect that such powders render the food unwholesome, have caused numerous inquiries for the names of the various alum powders.

The following list of baking powders containing alum is made up from the reports of State Chemists and Food Commissioners, or other reliable authority:

Baking Powders Containing Alum:

K. C. ..... Contains Alum.
Jaques Mfg. Co., Chicago.
CALUMET ..... Contains Alum.
Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.
HOME ..... Contains Alum.
Home Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.
BEE-HIVE ..... Contains Alum.
Washington Mfg. Co., San Francisco.
CLOVER LEAF ..... Contains Alum.
Pacific Mfg. Co., Los Angeles.

In addition to these, it is learned that many grocers are selling what they call their own private or special brands. These powders are put up for the grocer and his name put upon the labels by manufacturers of alum powders. The manufacturers, it is said, find their efforts to market their goods in this way greatly aided by the ambition of the grocer to sell a powder with his own name upon the label, especially when the grocer can make an abnormal profit upon it. Many grocers, doubtless, do not know that the powders they are thus pushing are alum powders which would be actually contraband in many sections if sold without disguise.

It is quite impossible to give the names of all the alum baking powders in the market. They are constantly appearing in all sorts of disguises, under all kinds of cognomens, and at all kinds of prices, even as low as five and ten cents a pound. They can be avoided, however, by the housekeeper who will bear in mind that all baking powders sold at twenty-five cents or less per pound are liable to contain alum, as pure cream of tartar baking powders cannot be produced at anything like this price.

IN RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAND.

The Portuguese Colonies In Africa In a Backward State.

The Portuguese colonies in Africa are the Rip Van Winkle's land of reality. After three centuries of white dominion they remain pretty much in the condition in which Da Gama and his bold successors left them.

Here is a picture of what trade means in the favored region of Cabinda bay, where there is a single white trader who occupies a house of three rooms, with a "shop" 20 feet by 8 attached. The place is stocked with puncheons of some vile stuff called "rum" which are exchanged for palm kernels.

Knots of natives from the interior villages with loads of kernels begin to present themselves at the shop by 6 a. m., and when the trader at last makes his appearance there is a noisy crowd of kernel sellers and thirsty hangers on.

The exchange of rum for kernels is quickly effected, and by 9 o'clock in the morning the entire population may be seen lying under the shelter of the cocoanut palms either stupidly drunk or noisily quarreling.

The mingled uproar and snoring lasts till about noon, when there is a sudden return to sobriety, and the crowd clears away to the village to collect the means for another carousal.

On a "good" day the trader at Cabinda bay gets rid of about 190 gallons of rum, and he avers that the scene described is repeated every day in the year.

Next to rum and "civilization" the greatest curses of West Africa are smallpox and the sleeping sickness. From this last no case of recovery has ever been known, and so contagious is it that in the native Christian community every communicant has a separate cup from which to partake of the sacramental wine.—London Leader.

An Exclamatory Name.

"O. Mye," called the justice in the Harrison street police court today, and a silence fell over the room, while the crowd looked around to see why the justice had uttered the sudden exclamation.

"O. Mye! O. Mye!" again called the magistrate, more loudly, and Bailiff Barnet hurried to the bar and asked the justice what was offending his dignity.

"Call O. Mye, Mr. Bailiff," ordered the court, and Barnett repeated the words in tones that could be heard on the street. The officer glared about for the person who he thought was guilty of contempt of court, and when a meek appearing man left his seat and walked toward the bar Barnett seized him and declared him under arrest.

"Is this the man who is guilty, your honor?" asked the bailiff.

"What is your name?" asked the court, without heeding Barnett's question.

"O. Mye," answered the prisoner, and the bailiff took a tighter hold on his collar.

"O. Mye?" queried the court.

"Yes, your honor," from the prisoner.

Then it dawned on the bailiff that he had made a mistake. O. Mye, who said his first name was Oliver, had been arrested for begging on the street. When the policeman who arrested him told him that he had abused several persons who had refused him alms, his name was uttered by several in the court. The prisoner likewise said "Oh, my!" when he got a fine of $50.—Chicago News.

Five hundred persons a month are required for jury duty in the New York courts.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE seven thousand silent ones were worth more to Elijah than the shouting hosts of Carmel.

Deciding to do right is the beginning of a fence that God will help you to build to keep the Devil out.

The richest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be most thankful for the least.

Every Christian life ought to be such that if all men were living it, the result would be a heaven on earth.

The church needs men who will get out and do the chores even though others are raising their snores.

The human heart is like a graphophone cylinder and the sweetest records are often cut by the stylus of pain.

Many a man says the Lord's prayer every day who never thinks it worth while to try to hurt the Devil with his vote.

Salvation doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

God is not worshiped in spirit and in truth in the church that has to go into the show business to raise money to pay its honest debts.

Many a gifted preacher can find time to read a new book every week, who couldn't find the parable of the prodigal son without a concordance.

In patiently toiling a hundred and twenty years without making a convert, Noah pleased God as well as Peter did by having "about three thousand" on the day of Pentecost.

FOUR RICH FOREIGN MISERS.

Made Fortunes by Begging in Different Countries Across Sea.

In Austria a man who was without feet or arms seven years ago, lacking two months, sentenced to hard labor for that terms of years, is said to be well and hearty and with eager longing looks forward to the day when he shall be liberated. Simon Oppasich is his name. Born legless and armless, he managed in the course of fifty years to make, purely by begging, $60,000, and this huge sum he was in the habit of carrying about with him by day and hiding in the wall of the cellar where he slept by night. He got into trouble with the Austrian police by declaring that he was destitute and taking an oath to that effect.

Lately in England died one Isaac Gordon who had been a professional beggar, and when he was picked up lifeless out of the street it was found that he had $15,000 on his person. And a writing was likewise found that signifies that he had made a will. Volunteer heirs are coming forward in numbers.

The miser of the story book usually hoards his money in good red gold under the hearthstone or in some such uncomfortable spot. Real misers of today seem as a rule to prefer bank notes. They are certainly more easy to handle. Tori, a notorious Italian beggar and miser, who died a little time ago, after a life of griping want and misery, left $400,000, all of which was hidden in boxes, tins and behind the tattered wall paper in his room. It was almost entirely in paper money. Another man of the same type who died at Auxerre, in France, in 1898, left a large sum in bonds, but most of his wealth he had invested in rare wine. No less than 400 bottles of one very choice vintage over eighty years old were found in the cellar he lived in. This he must have bought bottle by bottle. It was practically certain that he himself had never so much as tasted a drop of this liquid gold.

A Serum for Leprosy.

Some success has attended the treatment of leprosy by the injection under the skin in various parts of the body of the antivenene of Calmette. The case was a woman 36 years old, and in three months she received forty-seven injections. As a result she was much improved, having lost her leprous expression and the infiltration in various parts of the body disappearing. The bluish color of the face changed to a healthy red. Some ulceration that was present disappeared with several tubercles. The skin became softer and fairer and she gained fourteen pounds in weight.

The Anglomaniac.

Tom—I suppose Cholly Saphead is still pro-British?

Dick—Oh, of course. He has a new wrinkle now. Have you heard him speak of Joey Chamberlain lately?

Tom—I haven't seen him of late. Why?

Dick—He refers to him as "Camberlain." He heard somewhere that the British never could sound their "h's."—Philadelphia Record.

Early Intelligence.

Sunday-School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale.

Johnny—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?—Harlem Life.

Traveling Speed of Sound.

Sound passes through the air at the velocity of 1,142 feet per second; through water, 4,900 feet; through iron, 17,500 feet.

Bequest for a Providence Park.

By the bequest of Miss Anna H. Man, Providence is to come into possession of about $200,000 for the maintenance of Roger Williams Park.

COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

She Died Recently at the Advanced Age of 75 Years.

Herewith is given a portrait of Mary, Countess of Aberdeen, who died recently, at the age of 75. The deceased lady was the mother of the present earl, and was a daughter of the late Mr. George Baillie, of Mellerstain and Jerviswoode, a sister of the tenth Earl of Haddington, and became, in 1840, the wife of the fifth Earl of Aberdeen, who succeeded his father—the First Lord of the Treasury at the outbreak of the Crimean War—and died in 1864. They had two sons, George, the sixth earl, and the present peer. The former had

COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

no taste for the conventionalities of social life, and although on the death of his father he became entitled to all the privileges of a member of the House of Lords, he voluntarily renounced them, and went to sea. As an ordinary sailor he made several voyages, and eventually was drowned, on a passage from Boston to Melbourne, on January 27th, 1870. For some time a certain amount of mystery existed respecting his death, but as there was no doubt of its occurrence, the Countess' second son, the present Earl, succeeded to the title and the estates. For many years the late Countess of Aberdeen lived in retirement. She was esteemed and beloved by innumerable friends, by whom she will be sincerely regretted.

"TAKING" A DOCTOR'S LECTURE

Why a Stenographer's Report Was Not Appreciated by Her Brother.

"Will you go over to the medical college and take a lecture for me this afternoon?" said young Charlie Brown to his sister.

Brown is studying medicine and his sister is learning stenography.

"Yes, it will be fine practice," assented Charlie's sister. So she got a good seat, sharpened her pencil, and prepared to take a lecture on nerves, while Charlie went to a ball game. The doctor illustrated his talk by charts and used the most informal expressions that he could, for it was a junior class. Miss Brown got along famously. Occasionally she leaned over and asked a young student in front of her a word, but in the main it was all easy.

"Medical lectures are simply snaps," she announced as she handed Charlie the copy. "Of course I don't understand the technical terms and I had to leave a few out, but you will know what they are."

Charlie took the lecture and settled down to read it, thinking he had at last settled the problem of studying medicine without the formality of going to lectures. This is the way it read, to the extent of some ten pages:

"Gentlemen, you will observe that this —— which begins here at the —— and extends over there to the —— is a nerve called ——. This —— is sometimes attacked, gentlemen, by a disease, ——, which causes —— to this other nerve, which you all know is the ——."

It was plain that Charlie was not satisfied with the "report" of the lecture, and, on being pressed by his sister for the reason of his apparent disappointment, he told her that the omission of the medical terms made the notes worthless.

"I'm sorry," said the girl, naively, "but I really didn't understand what the doctor said, and, besides, I didn't think that part of his talk amounted to much."

Origin of Visiting Cards.

"The use of visiting cards dates back to quite an antiquity," explains Mrs. Van Koert Schuyler, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Formerly the porter at the lodge or door of great houses kept a visitors' book, in which he scrawled his idea of the names of those who called upon the master and his family, and to whose inspection it was submitted from time to time. One fine gentleman, a scion of the nobility from the Faubourg St. Germain, was shocked to find that his porter kept so poor a register of the names of those who had called upon him. The names, badly written with spluttering pen and pale or muddy ink, suggested to him the idea of writing his own name upon slips of paper or bits of cardboard in advance of calling upon his neighbors lest his name should fare as badly at the hands of their porters. This custom soon became generally established."

Electricity on Warships.

The conclusion of naval experts regarding the use of electricity on warships is that electric motors will ere long be employed to drive all auxiliaries on warships, steam being used only for the main engines and the central electric generating plant. Turrets are handled by machinery as easily as a boy spins a top.—Philadelphia Press.

Every time you meet a man wearing a nice, new suit, you are reminded that you need one yourself.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1900.

By the appointment of Hon., M. M. Estee, California gets deserved recognition and Hawaii gets an able and honest judge.

That "ounce of silver for a bushel of wheat" is a "pipe dream" which will become Col. Bryan's nightmare next November.

This country takes to expansion as naturally as a duck takes to water, and when the November tides come swooping in, the popular current will carry the Bryan boat high up "Salt River."

Col. Bryan's Oregon campaign has resulted in a Republican majority of 10,000. If Bryan will only keep up the fight until November, McKinley will carry every State in the Union, unless, it may be Texas and South Carolina.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Examiner howls loudly against the Trusts in general, but says nothing about the Paper Trust in particular for the simple reason that its silence has been purchased in the form of rebates. However, there's nothing surprising in this to those who are acquainted with the true character of this yellow exponent of Bryanism.—Marysville Appeal.

The Republican war cry in 1896 was "open the mills." The natural party cry this year will be the winning one, "Keep them open."—S. F. Chronicle.

PRESS NOTES.

IRRIGATION SURVEYS.

A reliable and systematic survey of the water resources of the arid region which is subject to reclamation through the preservation of the waters that now run to waste, is highly important. Congress should authorize and appropriate liberally for the carrying forward of such work.

UNDER NATIONAL CONTROL.

In all the great irrigation systems of ancient times, history records a central head made responsible to its each individual irrigator or section, and so the rules and laws under which agriculture was performed were framed in such a manner as to insure the greatest good to the greatest number; thus a marvelously perfect agricultural development arose under such systems, and serious conflict of rights was unknown.

EASTERN CO-OPERATION.

The manufacturers of the country, especially the East, now that their attention has been called to the subject, are becoming heartily in favor of the plan of federal aid to irrigation, because of the promise that the development and population of these now arid lands means the establishment of a great home market for their goods. Their friendliness and aid will be found not inconsiderable.

SELECTED POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The cheering prospect of another big harvest is gall and wormwood to Democratic issues.

Another year of prosperity will make the advocates of free silver as scarce as buffaloes in Kansas.

A Democratic candidate for the Presidency one time remarked that the tariff was a local question, and a good many Democratic managers now feel that silver is also a local affair.

The Democratic party has twice been tried and twice been found wanting by the present generation of voters of the country. It should hardly hope to be trusted again.

The political organization that thrives upon disorder and discontent is not the proper governing power for a healthy nation.

Mark Twain's Presidential candidacy had the humorous right of way until it encountered the Sioux Falls and Cincinnati proceedings.

Democratic sympathy for the Boers is largely made up of a desire to put the Administration in an embarassing position with other powers.

It is gradually dawning on the Democratic platform makers that a shell tipped with present prosperity is able to pierce the heaviest piece of silvered armor plate ever forged in the furnace of adversity.

The only piece of national leigslation for which the Democratic party has been responsible, since the election of Abraham Lincoln, is the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill, a measure despised by its authors, hated by its sponsors, and which wrought ruin to thousands of those who tried to be its friends.

The export trade of the South for the past twelve months amounted to over $400,000,000, more than one-third of that of the entire country. These are figures which speak more eloquently than the narrow Southern politicians who contribute so liberally to the Congressional Record.

The opposition of the foreign shipping interests and their free trade allies to the American ship susbidy bill has had the effect of uniting all friends of American shipping, with the result that the passage of the bill is assured at the short session of the Fifty-sixth Congress.

The statement has been going the rounds of the press that "Bryan has retired to his farm." This is all done for effect, and to make farmers believe he is one of themselves. As a matter of fact, Bryan's farm has but recently been purchased out of the proceeds acquired from his gas belt. He is green at the plow.

Gen. A. J. Warner, president of the bimetallic league, says: "There is sufficient reason for not making silver coinage the chief issue in this campaign." This is true. More gold has been mined since Bryan's defeat, in 1896, than was mined in the first half of the century just ending.

Having nothing else to kick about the Democrats are complaining again about a surplus in the Treasury. It takes a Democratic Administration to do away with one, and at the same time, to do away with the surplus savings of the wage-earners.

If it were not for the good times, if it were not for the Chicago platform, if it were not for their past record, if it were not that McKinley has been such a promise-keeper, if it were not that the American people know a good thing when they have it, and if it were not for a few more if's, it would be safe to bet money on Democratic success this fall.

The Omaha World-Herald was Mr. Bryan's personal organ in 1896, and during that campaign it made the prophecy daily that in the event of McKinley's election the depression and distress among the working classes would be widespread. The best proof of the falsity of this prophecy is found on the want pages of the World-Herald. The last issue at hand contains the advertisements of two females and seven males who want situations, while on the same page the "help wanted" advertisements ask for 107 females and 115 males. This is in addition to the "agents wanted," and does not include the advertisement for 1,000 men for railroad work. The calamity prophecy was a failure in Mr. Bryan's own State, as it was elsewhere.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Not half the people know what real work is like.

You think you are so smart; invent a satisfactory summer drink.

You must fight with some people before they will treat you decently.

This is the season when those who don't mind wasting sugar, can make a fairly good gooseberry pie.

If a young man is late, he is accused of letting his love grow cold, and after he is married, it is his dinner.

Some people approach you with all the shyness of a school boy and then ask you for your pocket book.

Every man who is some distance from home seems to have packed the word "prominent" in his valise.

A school teacher who successfully controls fifty children has a perfect right to entertain a contempt for parents who can't manage one.—Atchison Globe.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

Your chance to get ahead is to stop paying rent and own your own home, but don't buy a five-room cottage with bath on Grand Avenue. Swell, new, modern, sunny, free from dampness, at your own terms.

* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

Prompt Answer.

"My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in our village."—Chicago News.

THE OLD STORY.

The bosom of the earth—the sea,
Swells to the moon's soft minstrelsy,
As nightly to the teeming earth
She sings of love, of life, of birth,
Repeating oft the wondrous tale
While yet the shades of night prevail;
With moon and burning stars that shine
My soul proclaims my love is thine.

The gorgeous sun, upon the crest
But erstwhile by the dawn caressed,
Unwearied swings upon his way
With crowning light to gild the day,
He loud proclaims to half the earth
That light with love renews its birth;
So I repeat love's litany:
Through shade and shine I love but thee!

Like sun and stars in silence move
The soul that's deepest swayed by love,
What though no charming voice, nor sound
To voice my lips have found,
When heart weds heart then souls rejoice,
And mine proclaims in joyful voice,
That life below is life above
If living here I hold thy love.

—DANIEL FLORENCE LEARY.

How McCullough Lost a Bet.

William H. Crane, the actor, once told this story on his old friend McCullough. He said that one night in San Francisco he was awakened from a sound sleep by McCullough pounding on the door of his room and in response to his sleepy inquiry as to what was wanted responded: "Let me in, Billy. I want you to decide a bet."

Once in, McCullough told Crane that he and the man who accompanied him had bet a $20 goldpiece as to who could stand the longer on one foot and that Crane must referee the contest. The preliminaries being arranged and the stakes deposited, time was called, and each contestant, lifting a foot from the floor, stood like a crane, while the real Crane lay back in a recumbent position with a drowsy eye on the contestants. The seconds dragged into minutes, which again threatened to extend into the hour without either disputant giving up.

Suspecting something was wrong, Crane waked himself up and examined his men more closely. The other man was wavering a bit, but McCullough was standing like a rock. Another five minutes went by, and then Crane, hopping out of bed, discovered that McCullough had one foot resting against an adjacent sofa and could have stood there for a week, if necessary. The other man won the bet, but the joke was on the referee.

Evidence Lacking.

In 1870 the contractors' firm of Comstock & White was doing business at Fort Wallace. In the course of a quarrel Comstock killed White. White had a brother in New York, a lawyer, who came out to visit the law upon his brother's slayer. Comstock was arrested and brought before Judge Joyce at Hays City. The prisoner walked into the courtroom (Judge Joyce's saloon) with two big six shooters belted to his hips.

"Misther Comstock, ye are charged with willful murther. Are ye guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"Guilty!" was the laconic response.

This was entirely beyond Judge Joyce's calculations. He had no precedent for such a case and no power or inclination to visit out a penalty, and so, with great indignation, he shouted: "Ye are a fool for tellin it! Did any wan see ye do it?"

"No," was the prisoner's response.

"Thin Oi discharge ye fer want of ividence," declared his honor, and thereupon all the boys moved up to the bar and took "sunthin" with Mr. Comstock.

But imagine the feelings of Mr. White of New York, who had come to avenge his brother's slaying!—Kansas City Journal.

The Russian Peasant.

It is asserted by those who have lived among them that the lowest types of modern European civilization are probably the Russians. While writers and travelers vary as to the future of Russia nearly all are agreed as to the utter degradation at present of the Russian peasant. He is always on the verge of starvation and is absolutely improvident, while his gross and complete ignorance is combined with the most extravagant superstition. Like all low natures, he is thoroughly distrustful of reform, and as a climax to his infirmities he is a confirmed drinker.

Middle class in Russia there is practically none. The small shopkeepers combine exorbitant charges with shameful usury. Manufacturers and producers are nearly all foreigners, and the larger trade of the country is chiefly in German hands. Education may after the lapse of several generations remove the inherent dullness of this people, but it will be no easy matter to root out evils which are the growth of centuries of serfdom and distress.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Same Effect.

"It is very odd," remarked Mr. Hubbub, "that in Africa there is a tribe which cannot wear clothes at all. Clothes make them sick. Isn't it strange, dear?"

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Hubbub. "The same thing happens in this country also."

"Oh, surely not! I never heard of such a thing in civilized countries."

"Well, Mr. Hubbub, I can tell you that even in this great and glorious land the same phenomenon is by no means unknown. When I see Mrs. Poindexter coming out every month or so with a fine new outfit from head to foot, her clothes make me sick—make me sick, I say, Mr. Hubbub—when I reflect that you are just as able to buy me new clothes as Mr. Poindexter is to buy them for his wife and don't."

And Mrs. Hubbub dissolved in tears.

The Hub's Finest.

Stranger—I notice there are several policemen gathered at that corner and conversing in an excited manner. What is the trouble?

Bostonian—When I passed them just now, they were wrangling over the pronunciation of the word "intuition."—Chicago Tribune.

HE BET ON THE SEVEN

A GAMBLER'S SCHEME THAT WORKED WELL FOR AWHILE.

He Forgot One Very Important Thing, However, and His Last Plunging Wager Brought Ruin and Tragedy in Its Wake.

A gentleman who lives in the Blue Grass and who has been a very extensive traveler has a silver service so magnificent in design and heavy in weight that its peers in the whole world may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The owner is even now, when past middle age, a "good fellow," who loves conviviality, and no game is too hazardous for him if he has the amount of the stakes. He takes pleasure in telling the history of his service, as it concerns the most audacious game of chance he ever witnessed.

"When I was in Bolivia some years ago," he always begins, "I got in with a crowd of men, English and natives, whose passion for gambling knew no bounds. Strange as it may seem, none of them knew poker, and I made myself solid with them by teaching them, but their great game was roulette.

"There was a little shop in Bogota, where they had a miniature Monte Carlo, and many nights did we spend around the great wheel, with our money and prospects hanging on the black or red. The wheel was entirely made of wood, and when it was spun around a cover was put over the machine so that they could keep on betting when it had ceased to turn.

"There is a worm down there in that climate that gets into furniture and bores until nothing but a shell is left. You may sit on a chair that looks perfectly strong, but at the first touch it collapses. This seems irrelevant, but it is not, as you may see later. In fact, that worm plays the title role in the tragedy I am going to tell.

"There was a wealthy Bolivian planter who had been a general in the war between Bolivia and Chile back in the early eighties. He was never absent a night from our games, but he would frequently stand about for a week and never make a bet larger than $10. Then he would suddenly cry out just as the operator was about to lift the cover and register the highest bet the house would permit. Next he would place all the money he could find takers for among the gentlemen present. Before the season was far advanced he had won great sums, and we had all felt the results of his freakish luck. It seemed that when he played 7—black he could not lose, and he seemed to realize it, for when he did call that number he would put all he owned in the balance.

"Still he was a gentleman and a famous duelist, and no one cared to question his methods. It went on this way for two months. Then one night the wheel stopped, and there was the silence of the prairies in the room. We could hear the ball fall into the compartment distinctly. We could hear the distant tinkling of a mandolin. The planter leaped up as from a catalepsy: 'Seven—black, senores. I will take all any of you or all of you will bet.' Well, I had been winning strong and was so much to the good that I was reckless.

" 'Five dollars,' I said.

" 'Good, senor,' he replied.

"He placed his entire fortune in different wagers. There were a number of strangers present, and they all seemed big flush. Then slowly, as a priest officiating at some solemn, barbaric ceremony, the banker removed the top. We all stood for a moment, and the tension was such that a carriage wheel on the cobblestones outside made us all start. 'Red,' came the announcement.

"The Bolivian was white as snow, but his voice was unshaken as he said: 'Gentlemen, you shall all be paid. As for me, I am ruined.'

"That night he shot himself, and his will, which had been written just before his death, arranged for the payment of all his debts. I was to receive the service for my share, though it is worth much more. But what I valued much more than that was a note in which he expressed his attachment for me and asked me to accept the silver as a gift and not a debt.

"He left also a curious manuscript, written some time before, which seemed to be a sort of private journal. He stated in this that his ears were so accurate that he could detect the difference between the fall of a pin and a needle. One night, so he says, he heard the ball fall into the compartment with a hollow thud, and when the machine was opened he made note of the number and color, '7—black.' Later, when alone for a moment, he found that the aforesaid worm had bored under that compartment. He sounded the excavation with a straw and found that it extended no farther than that one number. Then all he had to do was to listen and when his acute hearing told him that his number had come to get all the money possible on it.

"Yes, gentlemen, he had all his plans laid to perfection. There was only one weak spot in his calculations. He forgot that those worms could keep on boring."—Louisville Evening Post.

Guessing Jokes.

He—I know a man who would be willing to give $1,000 to hear you sing.

She—Totally deaf, I presume?

He—Yes. And after he had heard you he would give another thousand dollars to be deaf again, I imagine.

This fable for ladies teaches that the easiest way to irritate the gentleman to whom one may be married is to guess his joke in advance.—Indianapolis Press.

She Sets a Good Example.

If a woman can refrain from spitting on the sidewalks and in the street cars, a man can.—Memphis Appeal.

HE WON THE CASE.

A Story of Lincoln's Wonderful Mental and Physical Ability.

Professor Stevens was once working up a mining case for the government in a western state where Mr. Lincoln was practicing law. Mr. Lincoln at the time was comparatively unknown in law and politics. When the professor engaged his room in the crowded country hotel, he found that a Mr. Lincoln was to occupy one bed in the room, as there was no other place where he could be accommodated. After arranging his books the professor settled down in an easy chair to prepare his brief.

Mr. Lincoln soon came in and made himself known. He said he also had to spend the evening making up an argument upon a mining case, and he knew less about mines than about anything else. In an hour the professor finished his work and retired, but before he did so he granted his roommate the privilege of using all his books, maps and papers upon mines and mining. Then he went to sleep, and when he awoke at 7 the next morning he found Mr. Lincoln just where he had left him poring over his books and papers. The lamp was still burning, although it was daylight.

As Professor Stevens' case did not come up the next day he attended the court to hear Mr. Lincoln present his arguments. He reached the scene in time for the opening speech by his roommate, and he staid all through the session.

Although Mr. Lincoln spoke for over an hour on the technicalities of mines and mining, he did not make a single mistake. He cross examined some half dozen surveyors and engineers and in every case puzzled and embarrassed them with his knowledge of the subject. Of course he won the case. But Professor Stevens said that everybody in the court believed he had been graduated in mining engineering and had devoted years to the study of the science.—Saturday Evening Post.

An Easy Conscience.

"You told me," remonstrated the lawyer in an injured tone, "that you had spent nearly every cent you embezzled from the firm. That is why I charged you only $200 for clearing you. Yet you spend money now like a man with a trunkful of it."

"Certainly," responded the other. "Did you think it would hurt my conscience any worse to cheat a lawyer than it did to steal from the people I was working for?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Hungry Half Hour.

The hungry half hour that so often comes before bedtime can be appetizingly catered to by the "cheese crackers." Take any of the popular luncheon crackers on the market, and their name is legion, and spread with a little butter and sprinkle lightly with grated Parmesan cheese. Place on a dish in the oven long enough to brown them slightly. They are good when thus prepared if kept for several days.—New York World.

His Heart Not of That Kind.

"Mister," pleaded he, "won't you open your heart and give an old man a chaw of tobacky?"

"No," snapped the well dressed man; "you must think I have a tobacco heart."—Chicago News.

Some authorities hold to the idea that a child's disposition is largely governed by his diet, citing the gentleness of the rice eating races against the quarreling of meat eating children in proof.

W. E. GILMAN F. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

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South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

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CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O

South San Francisco, Cal.

BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Busiest man in town, W. F. Bailey.

Mrs. Palany has been quite ill the past week.

Tom Bennett of Alameda was in town Tuesday.

Walter Norris paid old friends here a visit on Thursday.

Services at Grace Mission Church Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

Geo. Wallace and Thos. Kane left on Monday for Chicago.

Guard against fire by clearing up carefully about your premises.

Bulls' head breakfast tomorrow (Sunday) morning at Sierra Point House.

Five carloads of Nebraska hogs arrived at the stock yards on Thursday.

Mr. Charles Neugebauer has purchased the Nunes cottages in block 124.

H. K. Magoon has been appointed postmaster at Colma in place of Jacob Bryan.

Everybody with his wife or sweetheart will be at Armour Pavilion this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of Oakland spent Sunday in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Coombes.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Born.—On the first day of the month of roses, in this fair young city, to the wife of Charles Mercks, a son.

Mrs. Cohen has fresh goods constantly arriving at the People's Store and sells as low or lower than city prices.

There was a train wreck Tuesday evening near Millbrae, in which several freight cars were ditched and more or less damaged.

Miss Clara Schutt of Sacramento paid a vsiit on Wednesday of last week to Mr. and Mrs. H. Karbe and to her brother Max Schutt.

Mr. Spreckels and a party of his associates were in town Tuesday on business connected with the proposed extension of the electric road.

The Werner cottages are fast approaching completion. One of the pretty buildings will be ready for surrender to the owner this evening.

A large party of the ladies of our town chartered all the best teams and went up to the Spring Valley Lakes for a day's outing and picnic on Thursday.

The delinquent taxes of San Mateo county will be well advertised this year, as both the Times-Gazette and the Coast-Advocate are publishing the list.

Among the attractive features of the entertainment at the Armour Pavilion this evening, is a genuine cake walk. Some one is bound to win that cake.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

Mrs. Maggie Hooten left on the 12:49 train Tuesday for her home at Anaconda, Colorado, where Geo. Hooten will give his wife and daughter a genuine Cripple Creek welcome.

Talk about "riding the goat!" Assistant Postmaster Crocker didn't try to do anything of the kind, but that kid did play havoc in the courtroom and Crocker "cussed" and cleaned up.

If you take advice sometimes, also take a five-room cottage with bath, on suitable terms, on Grand avenue. New, modern, sunny; free from dampness. Don't pay any more rent.
* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

If you want either to buy or to sell improved or unimproved real estate, you will do well to call upon or consult E. E. Cunningham, at the Postoffice building, who knows the value of every foot of land in this town.

Now, don't you forget it; be sure to be there! Henry Michenfelder's Armour Pavilion opening this evening will be the boss entertainment of the season. If you miss it, you'll miss something to regret all summer.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

The following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed at the Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., on the 1st day of June, 1900: Manuel Betternel, John Conlon, F. K. Cooper and T. W. Korn.

E. E. Cunningham, P. M.

Patrons or customers who purchase goods to the value of 50 cents at the People's Store, will be given a ticket, and when these purchase tickets aggregate the sum of $5.00 the People's Store will present the holder of the tickets with a calico dress.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms. *

Go to church tomorrow This town needs to turn over a new leaf. The ratio of saloons to churches is about 16 to 1. Besides the saloons have seven and our one lonely little church has but one day in the week. Give the church a chance on Sunday and fill it to overflowing.

For the price you are paying in monthly rent, you can own your own home. Don't be a clam, but have a five-room cottage, with bath, modern, new, sunny; free from dampness, on Grand avenue.
* E. E. Cunningham, Agent.

A ball will be given for the benefit of Fred Goss, at Butcher's Hall, on Saturday evening, June 16, 1900. Mr. Fred Goss was very seriously burned about one year ago at the explosion of an oil tank, at Steiger's pottery, and has been unable to do any work during all these months, besides being at expense for medical attendance.

There are two things needed to make this town move. The first is the extension of the Electric road from Baden Station through the town to the Fuller Works at the water front. The second is the construction of the Bay Shore double track railroad, and the consequent doing away with special train service.

Rev. Joshua N. T. Goss will conduct services at Grace Mission Church tomorrow evening (Sunday) at 7:30 o'clock. The little church should be filled to overflowing every Sunday and we trust the good people of this fair young city will become familiar with the inside of the only church building we can boast of.

Mrs. J. E. Rogers' many friends will be glad to know that she is improving steadily and satisfactorily since her return home from the hospital. These favorable conditions are largely due to the competent nursing and tender care of Miss Phoebe Graham, who had charge of Mrs. Rogers at the hospital and accompanied her to her home.

A bull's head breakfast will be given at Sierra Point House (Ten-Mile House) San Mateo Co., Sunday morning, June 10th. Music and games. Dancing in the pavilion all day. Clam lunch. Liquid refreshments and cigars at the bar. L. L. Smith and Mrs. V. Wagner, proprietors. Sierra Point House. Come one, come all! Busses will be in waiting at Baden.

The latest in local literature is a thin volume, in red cover, from the press of the Whittaker-Ray Co., San Francisco, by Daniel Florence Leary. The title of the little booklet is "Toil." The author, who is himself a toiler in the employ of W. P. Fuller Co. at this place, takes issue with Poet Markham, holding that the man with the hoe is not the ignoble creature Markham has made him. The volume should interest workingmen, as the author stands up for his comrades bravely and with strong logic couched in musical measures.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

NO REBATE FOR HUBER OR DONOVAN

The Redwood City-Pescadero Road Matter Will Be Disposed of at Next Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular monthly session Monday. All the members were present.

E. F. Preston filed a lengthy protest against the order of the board June, 1898, whereby $6000 was transferred from the general road fund to the respective road funds of the county. Mr. Preston personally appeared before the board. He said the Supervisors had no right to levy an extra tax for road purposes; that the matter should have been submitted to the people; that the amount raised to construct the La Honda and Woodside road was illegal, and therefore the board was without funds to build the proposed road. Mr. Preston held that the money in question had been illegally distributed. Not having funds, Mr. Preston contended that the board could not accept the viewers' report of the Woodside and La Honda road. Attorney Brandon and the District Attorney argued that the position taken by Mr. Preston was not correct—that the board had the power to levy the extra tax.

The viewers' report was then taken up. Surveyor Gilbert, one of the viewers was called and examined. He explained that he surveyed the road and it was the best possible route, had better grade, and there would be a difference of one-third in the haul. He estimated the cost of construction to be $11,281. In his opinion the proposed road was a public necessity. John Curran and Hugh McArthur, the other viewers, were called. They went over the route and were certain it was the best obtainable. The road would be a vast benefit through the country which it would run.

S. J. Tichenor, John H. Sears, R. C. Merrill and H. Steinberg, all for many years living on the proposed route of the new road, claimed they would be benefited by the road. The grade was better, hauling would be cheaper and land values would be advanced by the construction of the road.

At this juncture the District Attorney filed two petitions, one from the third and the other from the fifth township, urging the board to accept the viewers' report.

B. D. Weeks, one of the non-consenting land owners, said he would be injured by the proposed road; his land would be cut up and he would be shut off from the water. The damages ($600) awarded him was not sufficient; that $4000 would not repay him for the damages he would sustain.

Tilton thought that Mr. Weeks was entitled to more damages than the report allowed him.

The chairman said the viewers were competent to judge and strongly urged the adoption of the report.

When Mr. Weeks was asked to state the lowest terms he would accept he was not prepared to say and asked for time to consider the matter, whereupon action on the report was deferred until next meeting, when the matter will be finally disposed of.

The following liquor licenses were granted: First township—George M. Collopy, Richard Harder and Henry Michenfelder.

M. C. de Lemos of the first township gave notice that he would apply at the next meeting of the board for a liquor license.

The application of Daniel Donovan for a rebate of $40 on his liquor license and of Thad Huber for $120 was, on motion of Debenedetti, denied, McEvoy and Tilton voting no.

Mr. Tozer was granted a rebate of $20 on the unused portion of his license.

On motion of Tilton, Patrick Delaney was granted a junk peddlers' license to do business in the county.

On motion of Debenedetti, Mrs. A. Vargas, an indigent person of the fourth township, was given $8 per month from the date of her application.

The District Attorney was authorized to begin legal proceedings against the California Bridge and Construction Company to recover the amount of its bond for its failure to build the Woodside bridge according to agreement.

The chairman announced that he had signed the amended contract of R. C. Mattingly & Co. for the construction of the bridge at Halfmoon Bay.

The clerk was instructed to notify the county committees of both political parties to file applications for polling places for primaries to take place in August.

Following claims were allowed:

INDIGENT FUND.

James Crowe	$ 16 00
A. E. Baldwin	50 00
Frank Andeen	35 00
W. A. Simmons	16 00
J. H. Hatch	235 00
Conclogre & Co	7 50
H. M. Meeer	10 00
Mrs. J. H. Hatch	30 00
J. J. Higgins	74 20
Hermann & Co	39 20
Levy Bros	73 61
W. O. Booth	3 90
James Maley	30 00
B. F. Wyman	10 00

FIRST ROAD FUND.

W. S. Taylor	22 00
J. Eikerenkotter	66 90
C. Broner	24 50
A. G. Bissatt	36 00
M. Maher	8 00
E. Stegman	21 00
V. Seminoff	14 00
Quimby & Haraldson	398 25
B. S. Green	107 00
A. Hanna	34 50
M. Whalen	64 00
John Bauer	26 00
John F. Bauer	45 50
James Taylor	12 00
John Brandrup	18 50
M. F. Fahey	20 00
M. J. Maloney	38 00
John Mangini	50 00
Louis Tavil	7 00
P. Ferriter	28 00
A. Jenevein	76 00
Geo. Ganzones	12 00
J. Kelly	10 00

FIRST ROAD DISTRICT—SPECIAL FUND.

Mrs. James Kerr	68 00
Frank Sanchez	42 00
J. Stoutt	36 00
M. Gould	12 00
E. McAllister	8 00
A. Jenevein	10 00
John Maloney	42 00
Geo. Furrer	68 00
J. McLaughlin	18 00
M. Foley	14 00
Henry Bauer	20 00
Fred Bauer	20 00
J. Euritt	10 00
John H. Doone	3 50
E. Stegman	2 00
M. & S. Belli	41 40
Louis Houcher	14 00
David Boyle	10 00
James Cannody	20 00
W. S. Taylor	52 00
N. Murphy	14 00
J. McGrath	8 00
M. Healy	16 00
Peter Barrier	12 00
Chas. Baltimore	2 00
E. Rudy	18 00
P. Hamilton	8 00

GENERAL FUND.

E. E. Cunningham	39 25
Fulton & Ross	107 39
J. J. Bullock	28 30
E. A. Hettinger	310 00
W. M. Barrett	52 00
R. L. Mattingly	39 00
W. Z. Price	6 00
W. B. Gilbert	30 00
M. F. Healey	33 60
Geo. Smith	5 00
J. H. Mansfield	295 50
W. Rehberg	5 00
Oscar Rodgers	1 50
James Hannon	54 00
Robea Chatham	41 70
Redwood City W W	17 42
Democrat	76 70
Sunset Telephone Co	29 10
Dan Neville	20 35
Hicks-Judd Co	47 00
J. Valladao	56 00
J. C. Santos	4 10
J. L. Ross	5 00
W. E. Wagner	20 00
C. A. Hooper & Co	25 31
James Crowe	26 50
M. & S. Belli	15 00
P. B. Jamieson	4 50
Times-Gazette	13 50

An adjournment was taken to Monday, June 18th, at 10 a. m.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES.

The Democratic Committee met pursuant to the call of Chairman C. J. Hynding last Monday at the Courthouse and selected the following delegates to Democratic State Convention: Delegate-at-Large, J. B. Kelly; First Township, R. S. Thornton; Second Township, Wm. F. Swift; Third Township, Eugene J. Crane; Fourth Township, J. Debenedetti; Fifth Township, James McCormick. — Redwood City Democrat.

FOR RENT.

Cottage of five rooms and attic. Bath, hot and cold water; side-board in dining-room; very convenient. Situation high dry, sunny and perfectly healthy. Price, with water, only $13.00. Apply to E. E. Cunningham, Postoffice building.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

What Old Sawyer Said.

Senator Sawyer considered himself personally responsible for a Republican majority in Wisconsin and was quite sensitive on that subject.

During the Garfield campaign I was sitting one day in his simple office at Oshkosh when a gentleman, then unknown, but now occupying a prominent position in public affairs, appeared with a letter of introduction from Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, chairman of the Republican national committee, who stated that the bearer had been instructed to visit Wisconsin for the purpose of making a report upon the political situation and the prospects of the Republican ticket. This pricked the old man's pride. He resented, in his good natured way, the invasion of his territory, and I noticed that his face flushed as he read the letter. After looking out of the window for a few moments he looked at his watch, handed back the letter of introduction to his surprised visitor and remarked with deliberation:

"There's a train leaving here at 5 o'clock that will get you into New York day after tomorrow morning, and I'll send up one of my boys to see that you get aboard. When you get to New York, you tell Jewell that old Sawyer read that letter and said there was nothing for you to report on. You might add, however, that old Sawyer asked you who was looking after things in Connecticut."—Chicago Record.

Desperate.

"After I landed in Algiers," said a Pittsburg man who is visiting Detroit friends, "I went out for a little walk to see the town and incidentally to find a barber shop.

"After spending some time in fruitless search I accosted a man and politely asked him to direct me to the nearest place where I could get shaved. Monsieur did not comprehend, and I repeated my question. What he said I do not know, as he understood no English, and I am equally ignorant of French. We parted.

"I walked on until I met an intelligent looking chap whom I stopped. Slowly, distinctly and in a loud tone of voice I again stated my request. Anybody ought to have understood, but he did not. He threw a volley of French at me, gesticulated madly and left me standing there.

"With the third man I changed my tactics. I did not attempt to talk to him in a foreign tongue that he was too stupid to understand. I clutched him by the arm and held him while I performed a pantomime shave. When I finished, I looked at him inquiringly.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I can see that you are a desperate man. I suppose you want me to take you to a secluded spot where you can cut your throat?'

"Never did the English language sound sweeter to me, and, learning what I wanted to know, I was soon happily wending my way to the nearest barber shop."—Detroit Free Press.

That Settled It.

"Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness examined as to somebody's mental condition was asked by counsel at a trial.

"Because," replied the witness, "he is continually going about asserting that he is the prophet Mohammed."

"And pray, sir," retorted the learned gentleman of the wig, "do you think that when a person declares he is the prophet Mohammed that is a clear proof of his insanity?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because," answered the witness, regarding his questioner with easy complacency, "I happen to be the prophet Mohammed myself." — London Answers.

Poet's Query Answered.

"I wonder will they miss me?" wrote the poet in violet ink on gilt edged paper.

And the editor, as he tossed the manuscript into the yawning gulf at his side, murmured softly, "If they do, they never ought to be trusted with a gun again."—London Telegraph.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active but prices are easier.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 fat Steers, 8c; second quality, 7½@7¾c; thin Steers, 7@7½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6@6½c; thin Cows, 4@5c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 225 lbs and under 5¾@6c; over 225 to 300 lbs, 5½@5¾c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3½@3¾c; Ewes, 3@3½c. This Spring Lambs, 4@4½c live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6½c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5½@6c; first quality cows and heifers, 5½@5¾c; second quality, 5c; third quality, 4@4½c.

VEAL—Large, 7½@8c; small, 8½@9½c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 6½@7½c; Ewes, 6@7c; This Spring Lambs, 8@8½c; bulk, 8c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 8@8½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13c; picnic hams, 9¾c; Atlanta ham, 9¾c; New York, shoulder, 9¾c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 14c; light S. C. bacon, 13½c; med. bacon, clear, 10c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 10¼c; clear light, bacon, 11¾c; clear ex. light bacon, 12¾c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $14.50; do, hf-bbl, $7.50; Family Beef, bbl, $13.50; hf-bbl, $7.00; Extra Mess, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 9¼c; do, light, 9½c; do, Bellies, 10c; Extra Clear, bbls., $19.50; hf-bbls., $10.00; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.50; do, kits, $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	7	7¼	7¼	7⅜	7¾	7⅞
Cal. pure	8¾	9	9	9⅛	9½	9⅝

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.30; 1s $1.30; Roast Beef, 2s $2.30; 1s, $1.30.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Walter F. Bailey
Painting and Decorating
In all its Branches.
3415 San Bruno Road.
Leave Orders at Armour Hotel.
All Work Promptly Executed.

I. S. Crocker F. H. Laws
Rainier Rabbitry
—Breeders of—
High Grade
Belgian Hares
3743 23d Street, San Francisco.
Rainier and other good Bucks at service.
Breeding Does and young stock on hand.
Visitors welcome except on Sundays.
Open evenings.

House Moving
Teaming
Grading
CONTRACTING.
J. G. Stout,
South San Francisco, Cal.

IF YOU WANT
GOOD MEAT
Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

DO YOU WANT HOUSE ?
to repair your old - - -
to paper your old
to alter or enlarge your -
to see plans for 4 rooms & bath
$150 down and $11 per month
If so, see
J. F. LYMAN,
Carpenter Shop
GRAND AVENUE

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL
HENRY MICHENFELDER : Proprietor.
Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.
Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.
South San Francisco, Cal

Beer AND Ice
—WHOLESALE—
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco
BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

United States Laundry.
Office, 1004 Market Street,
San Francisco, Cal.
First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesdays and Fridays every week.
J. T. CASEY, Agent.

UNION COURSING PARK
The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World
IS NOW IN OPERATION AT
COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry
C. CRAF, Prop'r.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.
All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,
South San Francisco, Cal.

WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,
What matters it, we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story,
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal,
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth,
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
—Century.

Alicia's Experiment.

ALICIA WELLINGTON was 26 years old and she had never received an offer of marriage nor had a lover. Her two younger sisters were both happily married—Gertrude to a young man who had adored her from childhood and Lottie to an elderly widower who had fallen in love with her at her coming-out party. Gertrude had refused three offers before marrying John Nelson; Lottie, who was a born coquette, had received homage from almost every man she knew from the time she could talk.

Alicia was serious and rather haughty. Her friends called her "intellectual," and this same intellectuality made her unpopular with men, who were generally her inferiors in her chosen style of conversation, if not in depth of thought. Until now Alicia had affected to despise the other sex. Lottie's flirtations and Gertrude's conquests had seemed frivolous to her. But she wished to be a well-rounded woman and it suddenly occurred to her that she knew nothing of love, although it was one of the chief things of life. The fact that she was different from other girls and their inferior in one respect

"SHE THINKS ME CLEVER."

was brought home to her by a meditation on love and matrimony which followed the receipt of a letter announcing the engagement of the only unmarried one of her classmates. To be sure, Alicia was younger than the other girls, but she had come out the same year.

"It is all very well not to marry," she said to herself in conclusion, "but it is odd not to attract a single suitor. There must be something lacking in me. I have always known that I didn't like men, but it is strange that men don't like me. I can accomplish almost anything if I make up my mind to it. I will have a lover. I need not marry him, of course, but I will have him desperately in love with me, so that I shall have an impassioned offer; then I will refuse him."

Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He had not been sure that he wanted to do so. Now he came to the house rather because he was used to coming to see "the ladies," once in so often. Alicia's mother was fond of him, for she had known him since he was in dresses and she regarded him as a boy. Of Alicia he stood somewhat in awe.

"Reggy will be a good one to begin with," thought that young woman. "He will be easy to influence. After I have refused him I can try some one more difficult."

Thus Miss Wellington began her career as a flirt. That evening Reggy came to the house. He found Alicia wonderfully interesting. She talked about cotillon figures, pretty girls, fudges, and golf. Reginald was in demand as a cotillon leader, he was a chevalier des dames, an expert chafing dish cook, and an aspiring golf player.

"Gwacious, I never thought she knew so much," he said to himself as he left the house. But this was only because Alicia had displayed knowledge of the subjects with which Reggy was conversant, for he had always known that she was "intellectual."

It was scarcely a week before Reggy again presented himself at the Wellingtons'. He asked for Miss Wellington instead of for "the ladies." He was unconscious of the neglect of Mrs. Wellington, but wary Alicia smiled when she, alone, was summoned to the drawing-room.

"Oh, Mr. De Greve," she said—heretofore she had called him Reggy—"I am so glad to see you. I know you can help me solve something that has been worrying my poor brain."

She took a seat beside the young man and submitted the "something" that had been worrying her. It was only a charade, an intricate one, however, to which Alicia knew the answer. Reggy did not suspect that and he was good at puzzles. He solved this one easily and explained the elaborate process to Miss Wellington.

"Thank you, Mr. De Greve, you are so clever," said Alicia, exactly as she had heard Lottie say the same words to different men at least a hundred times.

That evening as Reggy went away his predominant thought was "She thinks me clever."

In the course of time Alicia convinced Reggy that she was uncommonly pretty, agreeable, not too wise, and altogether charming—just the woman to preside over his house and help him spend his rather large patrimony. She also convinced him that he was good-looking, clever, witty, and manly. Indeed, under the sun of her approval he grew wonderfully until he was quite a different Reggy.

At last the schemed for proposal took place. Satisfied with himself and much more than satisfied with the accomplished Alicia, Reggy asked her to be his wife. Alicia foresaw the coming offer, of course. She made ready to refuse it. She even chose her next victim, William Giles, a lawyer of skill and renown. He would be difficult to enthrall, but a foeman worthy of her steel.

But she did not think of William when Reggy proposed. She watched "the boy," as she called him in her heart, with a curious pride. "How well he does it," she thought. "Love has made a man of him. He is desperately in earnest; he is charming—he is adorable."

"Why, Reggy," she said aloud, to her own astonishment, "I believe I do love you. Yes, I will marry you, after all—yes, yes I will."

The happy Reggy did not notice the peculiar wording of Alicia's acceptance of his heart and fortune. He had won her and his joy seemed complete. No one but his wife ever knew that he had been the subject of an experiment.—Chicago Tribune.

NIGHT IN A BUFFALO HIDE.

Queer Imprisonment of a Hunter in the Northwest.

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe's Creek, in Sumner County, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs, says the Portland Oregonian. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon Capt. Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by.

There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling ice, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be injured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he was done night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On waking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortifying, at the least, to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam icy rivers like a beaver. We will let him relate the issue in his own words: "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out, and when I got one arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through."

Archibald Forbes.

The recently deceased Archibald Forbes' entrance upon the career of war correspondent was, it is said, decided by chance. His first step was to enter a cigar shop at the bottom of Ludgate hill, where he bought a cigar, and threw the names of the four or five principal daily newspapers into his hat before drawing lots to decide which of them he should first approach. The name that he drew out was that of the Daily News. Without delay he sought out Mr. (now Sir J. R.) Robinson, whom he then met for the first time, and was promptly engaged.

Economy in Wireless Telegraphy.

In one case $266,000 has been saved owing to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the East Goodwin lightship and the South Foreland.

SONGS OF OLD TIMES.

EXQUISITE BALLADS THAT WILL LAST FOREVER.

Death of the Composer of "Annie Laurie" Brings to Mind Many Other Melodies Which Still Appeal Strongly to the Popular Taste.

The death of Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, who composed the music of "Annie Laurie" and other melodies, recalls many of the old-time songs of sentiment with which our mothers charmed the beaus and chevaliers of their day and generation, says the Philadelphia Ledger. She was 91 years of age.

In noting the passing of this venerable lady, who was a golden link connecting the past with the present, it may be a matter of interest to recall some of the melodies of the olden time that lent such tender charm to home:

"When the hours of day were numbered,
And the voices of the night
Woke the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy calm delight."

Among such melodies none is more exquisite than "Annie Laurie," the poem with which Lady Scott's name will always be associated.

Scarcely less beautiful are such songs of sentiment as "Highland Mary," by Robert Burns, and those two other sweet Scotch melodies, "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "We'd Better Bide a Wee." Of other famous old ballads there are "Auld Robin Grey," "Douglas, Tender and True," "Gypsy Maiden," "Juanita," "Then You'll Remember Me," "Suwanee River," "In Days of Old, When Knights Were Bold," "In the Gloaming" and "Lily Dale," of which a very amusing parody was written, entitled "Billy Dale."

Some of these old songs were inspired by a peculiarly tender sentiment. What could display filial piety more divinely than "We'd Better Bide a Wee?" As the story goes, this was composed by a Scotch lassie, who met the plea of her ardent lover with the noble sentiment that her first duty was to her aged parents. What a tender appeal is made to the experience of most readers by the mere mention of such gems of the heart as "The Last Link Is Broken that Binds Me to Thee," "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

Next to Burns in point of sentiment as an author of exquisite songs of sentiment was Tom Moore. Among his most famous songs that still survive are "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Origin of the Harp," "'Twas Ever Thus from Childhood's Hour," "The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls," "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," etc. There are many modern songs of less fame, such as "When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," and, coming down to a still later date, "Sweet Marie" is one of the most popular.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was a confederate air and as popular in the South during the war as "Jumping the Bounty" was in the North. The former, appealing as it did, to Southern and Northern soldiers alike, was caught up by the Federal bands and played by them with zest.

Many of the famous ballads have been composed by the fair sex. In the field of poetic sentiment, at least, she has proved a dangerous rival of man. The charming ballad, "In the Gloaming" owes its birth to Lady Arthur Hill, and the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Morton was the proud mother of that languorous melody, "Juanita," while "Douglas, Tender and True" was the happy offispring of Lady Scott Gattie. "Maryland, My Maryland," owed the thrill of its spirited tune to a woman, the late Mrs. Newell Martin of Baltimore. The musical pathos of "Auld Robin Grey" originated in the brain of Lady Ann Lindsay. Mrs. Fitzgerald was responsible for the melody, "I Remember, I Remember," and it was a woman who wrote the words to "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Lady Nairne, a charming Scotchwoman, has contributed two songs that need only to be sung in any clime to cause every wearer of the tartan to throw his plaid cap to the breeze. These are the "Campbells Are Coming" and the "Land of the Leal."

A HORROR OF WAR.

Demoralizing Influence of the Big Long-Distance Shells.

There is something devilish in the crack and scream and explosion which follow the firing of one of the big Creusot guns. When the gun is fired the shell gets a long way ahead of the sound, so that at short ranges the projectile would hit before one heard the report. But in its long flight of more than five miles across the valley the big shell gets tired, so to speak, and goes a bit slower. A little more than half way across it has slowed down so much that the sound of the report, jogging along at its steady, unvarying thousand or so feet per second, overtakes it, and the report and the shell travel together for another mile.

Then the shell finds it cannot keep up the pace, and the report goes on ahead in its proper place, and so we poor wretches, quaking behind a rock and wondering if it is big enough to shield us from the splinters, hear first a terrific crash, as if the heavens were splitting; an instant after a faint whistle, which grows louder with fearful rapidity, until it becomes a scream that fills the whole atmosphere and sets every kloof and valley "soughing" with the volume of sound; then, when you think the hideous thing is about to fall at your side, it flies over your head with a shriek that makes the bravest crouch closer to the earth, and with a shock that seems to shake the very foundation of the eternal hills the 100 pounds of steel and gunpowder, traveling nearly a thousand feet per second, buries itself in the earth, tears up the red soil in tons, and expends the last particle of its mighty energy in hurling whizzing fragments of rock and stone and humming, buzzing splinters of jagged steel hundreds of yards away from the yawning gap dug by the explosion.

There is no man living who can remain unmoved in the vicinity of an exploding heavy shell such as I have tried to describe. Sharpnel shell, with its wicked, cruel shriek, is one of the most disagreeable of all war's horrid sounds; but for real nerve-shaking, demoralizing effect it is as nothing compared to the noise and explosion of a big shell. Strangely enough, the Boer heavy guns have caused comparatively little loss of life. On only one occasion did they succeed in hitting many men. That was the sad evening when the six-inch gun on Bulwan killed four and wounded seven of the Liverpools with three shells. The poor fellows were taken by surprise as they cooked their evening meal on a stony slope, where they had no shelter, and eleven of them were stricken down before they got under cover. On the other hand the Light Horse have had hundreds of similar shells come into their camp without any fatality, because they are camped on sand, into which the shells bury themselves and explode harmlessly. — Ladysmith Correspondence London Telegraph.

Gave Points to the Preacher.

Man died in York County two weeks ago—this is Register Leavitt's story, and so it must be true—the man died, as I have stated, and they say down in that community that he wasn't just the most exemplary and moral man that ever lived. And he didn't get along very well with his relatives. But, of course, the relatives had to see that he was decently interred. The brother of the departed went to hunt up a minister. Told the elder what was wanted and the parson said he would be there at the hour appointed.

"But this is short notice," said the minister. "The funeral is to be this afternoon. I ought to have had time to get up a sermon. I can give you only a short discourse."

"That's all right," said the brother. "There ain't much you need to say. If we'd wanted lots of eloquence spilt over that fellow we'd probably sent up to New York and got a doctor of divinity. But you needn't be afraid that you won't fill the bill all right up to our house. We don't want nothin' high-priced."

The minister was a little set back, but he took a pencil and sheet of paper and said:

"I'll have to have a few points to build a sermon on. Did did the deceased die? Was he resigned? Had he made his peace?"

"He died of delirium tremens," said the brother, gruffly.

This was more of a set-back. But the ministered persevered.

"How did he live? Did he——"

The brother slammed on his hat and started for the door.

"He lived just like he died—like a fool."

He Engaged the Boy.

Dr. McTavish, of Edinburgh, was something of a ventriloquist, and it befell that he wanted a lad to assist in the surgery, who must necessarily be of strong nerves.

He received several applications, and when telling a lad what the duties were in order to test his nerves, he would say, while pointing to a grinning skeleton standing upright in a corner:

"Part of your work would be to feed the skeleton there, and while you are here you may as well have a try to do so."

A few lads would consent to a trial, and receive a basin of hot gruel and a spoon.

While they were pouring a hot mass into the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out:

"Gr-r-r-gr-h--uh! That's hot!"

This was too much, and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and bolted.

The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon.

After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say:

"Gr-r-r-uh-r-hr! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever, the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted:

"Well, jist blow on't, ye auld bony!"

The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.—Tit-Bits.

Motherly Discretion.

"Mother, Mr. Simkins is coming to supper. Can we have strawberries?"

"What is young Mr. Simkins' salary?"

"Seven hundred, mother."

"No, my dear. We will have canned prunes and doughnuts. It would be doing a great unkindness to the young man to give him false views of culinary happiness on $700 a year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bank Stock of Women.

The amount of national bank stock held by women in America is estimated at $120,000,000, and the amount of private and State bank stock at $137,000,000.

After a man is dead, his wife's excuse for yielding to the wandering foot, is that she is looking for a good town in which to educate her children.

Children can never understand how any one with money in his pocket can go past a candy store.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

There is really no reason nowadays why children should not have playhouses of their own, for portable structures for lawn and garden use are manufactured.

One house of this sort is 6 feet 4 inches wide, 9 feet 6 inches long and 8 feet 9 inches tall from the floor to the point of the gable. This house has one door and one window. The window is divided vertically in the middle, the two halves opening back on hinges at the side edges. The door has a glazed sash in its upper part, and it has also a lock and key.

These houses are built in sections, and they can be put up in different ways; that is, they can be set up with the door in the front and the window in one end of the house, or they can be set up with both the door and the window in front; the sections are interchangeable.

There is provided for use with the house a veranda roof, which is made in sections of the same width as the sections of the house itself, so that these veranda sections can be put up to-

AN IDEAL PLAYHOUSE.

gether, making a continuous veranda along one side of the house, or they can be put up one over a door and one over a window.

There are made also, for use with these playhouses, if desired, outside blinds and screens for doors and windows. The gable ends of this house, under the roof, are shingled; the side walls are of matched pine, as is also the floor, which is made in two sections. This house can be put up and taken down in a few minutes.

All sorts of furniture in suitable small sizes can be brought for the furnishing of these houses, including chairs and tables and settees and various other articles in wood and in wickerwork, handsome little desks, and everything needed for parlor or library or dining-room, and there can be bought for kitchen and other uses the most complete outfits, including stoves of the most modern description and equipped with every sort of cooking utensils, and there can be had also little washing machines and ironing boards, and so on.

The playhouse, in fact, whether it be of one room or more, can be furnished as completely as a house of ordinary size.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Cannibal Story.

In the long winter evenings, which in South Africa commence in May, June and July, the little Boer children sit around the fires and listen to stories like this:

There was once a woman who had a son named Magoda. She became a cannibal and ate up all the people in the village.

One day her two nieces ran away from their home and hid in her house, but they did not know her. Their cousin Magoda came and talked to them. Then they hid. The woman said:

"I smell something nice. What is it, my son? Surely I smell fat children."

Then she went to the woods and commenced to cut down a tree with an ax. When the first chips fell a bird called ntengu sang:

Ntengu! ntengu!
Chips, return to your places!
Chips, return to your places!
Chips, be quick!

The chips then went back to the tree. This happened three times. Then the woman caught the bird and swallowed it, but one of the feathers dropped out of her mouth. She tried to cut down the tree again, but this time the feather sang the same song, and the chips flew back to the tree.

The two nieces had been hiding in the branches of the tree. They saw three dogs as big as oxen. These they knew belonged to their father, so they called to the dogs, who ate up the wicked woman, and so the girls went back to their father singing the song of the feather.

Saved by a Doll.

An exchange gives a story told by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war.

On one occasion Gen. Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her beady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.

Old Story, but Good.

A little girl was permitted one bright Sunday to go to hear her papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the "warning" order. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, chiding tones:

"What for you scolding all the people so, papa?"

What Kept Him Late.

"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"

"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."

"But what has the clock to do with it?"

"'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

Paid for His Humane Action.

Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Molineux case, tells this story:

"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Traviss. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was almost tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smoothly until one night he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather longer than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Traviss hanging by a harness trace from a beam.

"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit suicide again. I left there two days afterward, and upon asking for my bill Traviss named an amount just $2 over what I was sure I owed. Upon asking an explanation of the added $2, Traviss said:

"'Well, Mr. Osborne, don't you remember the buggy trace you cut the night I tried to hang myself?'

"I paid up and went away for fear he would find I owed him the doctor's bill."

Wheat Lands to Be Opened.

The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an application for charter of a new Canadian railroad. The title of the proposed road is the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattana and the St. Maurice at Grandes Piles, to Quebec. The distance is 440 miles, or 135 miles shorter than from Parry Sound. Included in the line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily supporting a population of 500,000.

The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat growing, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of undeveloped territory adapted to the growing spring wheat. This area, added to that about to be opened by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, will certainly postpone for some years the shortage predicted by Sir William Crookes. Meantime the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of any popular fear or speculative belief in the failure of the supply.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Digestive Powers of the Ostrich.

The digestive powers of the ostrich have long ago passed into a proverb; the birds will swallow almost anything that they can get into their beaks. They are amusingly greedy, and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer-looking protuberance. When visitors stand near the fence of one of the inclosure the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella or a walking cane, a watch chain, locket, broocli or button. It does not surprise us to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches, and usually is responsible for their death. It is said that an attempt is sometimes made to relieve their systems of an accumulation of indigestible matter by administering half a gallon of castor oil in one dose.—Good Words.

As a moss gatherer the rolling joke heads the list.

"MY OWN SELF AGAIN."

Mrs. Gates Writes to Mrs. Pinkham, Follows Her Advice and is Made Well.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For nearly two and one-half years I have been in feeble health. After my little child came it seemed I could not get my strength again. I have chills and the severest pains in my limbs and top of head and am almost insensible at times. I also have a pain just to the right of breast bone. It is so severe at times that I cannot lie on my right side. Please write me what you think of my case."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., April 25, 1898.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as advised and now send you a letter for publication. For several years I was in such wretched health that life was almost a burden. I could hardly walk across the floor, was so feeble. Several of our best physicians attended me, but failed to help. I concluded to write to you for advice. In a few days I received such a kind, motherly letter. I followed your instructions and am my 'old self' again. Was greatly benefited before I had used one bottle. May God bless you for what you are doing for suffering women."—MRS. CLARA GATES, Johns P. O., Miss., Oct. 6, 1899.

Attached to the Bakery.

A plausible tale of a man who bought a loaf of bread and took away more property than he paid for is told by the Pawtucket correspondent of the Providence Telegram. The man was in a hurry to catch a car.

His impatience made the clerk nervous. She forgot to snap the string which bound the paper about the loaf, and away sped the man with the loaf, while the string reeled off behind him.

He caught the car all right, and, although the conductor and some of the passengers noticed as he sat down close to the door that the twine paid itself out as the car rolled along, the man did not discover the tangle until he alighted. In the meantime the conductor was having a good time. As passengers stepped on the platform he cautioned them not to walk on that string, and they did not.

It might have looked mysterious to the people who saw the string moving along the street, for the unraveling continued until the bakery twine bobbin had been nearly emptied by the connected loaf a mile away. The man with the bread felt a tug at his loaf as he stepped down from the car. Then he followed up the cord, winding as he went.

He was one of those strictly honest men who want nothing that does not belong to them, and the best part of the story is that he followed the string back, winding as he walked, and in due time entered the bakery and restored the ball of twine.

Cromwell Was a Ruthless Victor.

We must remember always that under Cromwell there was no burning at the stake, no dreadful torture in cold blood, and therefore at his worst he rises in degree above Philip and Alva. But in kind his deeds in Ireland were the same as theirs in the Netherlands, and, though the Puritan soldiers were guiltless of the hideous licentiousness shown by the Spaniards or by the armies of Tilly and Wallenstein, yet the merciless butchery of the entire garrisons and of all the priests—accompanied by the slaughter of other noncombatants in at least some cases—leave Drogheda and Wexford as black and terrible stains on Cromwell's character.

Cromwell and his lieutenants put down the insurrection and established order because they gained such sweeping victories, not because Cromwell made merciless use of his first victories. It was the fighting of the Puritans in the battle itself which won and not their ferocity after the battle, and it was Cromwell who not merely gave free rein to this ferocity, but inspired it. Seemingly quarter would have been freely given had it not been for his commands. Neither in morals nor in policy were these slaughters justifiable. Moreover, it must be remembered that the men slaughtered were entirely guiltless of the original massacres in Ulster.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

Financial Difficulties.

"Pa, what is financial difficulty?"

"Well, it is having so much money you don't know what to do with it or having so little money that you can't do a thing."—Detroit Free Press.

Many a man who poses as a public benefactor never thinks of giving his wife a dollar for her own personal use.—Chicago News.

Algeria and Argentina are the only countries in the world where the horses outnumber the human beings.

Nervous Prostration and the Liquor, Morphine, and Tobacco Habits Cured at the

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WEARS SIX SUITS A DAY.

Herman C. Norman, Washington's Champion English Dresser.

Washington's new sartorial model, Herman C. Norman, who was London's best-dressed man and is now the third secretary of the British embassy, does not consider it good form to wear less than six different suits of clothes in a day. At that he has enough suits to last him a fortnight without repetition.

Mr. Norman not only believes in variety, but lays much stress on the ethics of dress, and would not for the world so insult the proprieties as to wear a morning suit in the afternoon or an afternoon suit in the evening.

The other morning Mr. Norman wore a serge sack coat, single-breasted vest and rather wide trousers, carefully turned up and revealing very strong, heavy-soled tan shoes with bulldog toes. He had an extremely high collar and a four-in-hand tie of the same goods as his clothes, without pin or jeweled ornament. He does not wear any jewelry in the morning.

His cuffs were caught with ebony links. His shirt was of spotless linen, as he does not consider it good taste to wear the gaudy calico fronts so dear to modern fashionables. Those who have laid in trunkfuls of these brilliant summer shirtings will have to get along as best they can under the knowledge that their radiance has not the sanction of this arbiter of fashion.

In the afternoon Mr. Norman wore a cutaway suit of checked light brown and dark brown, the checks wide enough to play checkers on. His necktie was of cream surah, daintily embroidered in autumn leaves in their natural colors. A very beautiful moss agate veined like a leaf held the scarf. He wore a light brown fedora hat with a darker brown band. He carried a heavy stick and wore brown suede gloves. Thus attired he went to the Metropolitan Club for luncheon.

One of his most remarkable golf suits is a blood red, square cut loose sack coat, a brilliant yellow vest, plaid knickerbockers and rolled stockings in which brilliant reds are toned by dull browns. In this costume he resembles a lurid sunset brightening the skies above a beautiful autumn landscape.

A favorite riding costume is white broadcloth, with Wellingtons of brilliant enamel ornamented with silver tassels.

Mr. Norman punctiliously wears a Tuxedo jacket to dinner. If he goes to a dance afterward he dons regulation full dress. He introduces a new custom in that he brings a valet on occasions of state just as a debutante brings a maid. If, for instance, the occasion is a dinner dance he appears at the table in a Tuxedo jacket, and before the dancing begins retires, and with the assistance of his man changes to the regulation full dress with spike-tailed coat.

Mr. Norman is modest, gentlemanly and clever. He wears good clothes because he likes them and has the money to buy them. He is extremely English in action and conversation.—New York World.

NORMAN IN HIS VARIOUS SUITS.

A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

How a Possible Marriage Was Prevented by a Burglary.

"I had a queer experience once with a burglar," said a Nebraska merchant, on his way to New York to buy goods. "For the past fifteen years I have been making several trips a year to New York, and this incident occurred about ten years ago. I had met a very intelligent and interesting woman in the city, a widow, of an age suitable for me, and as I was a widower I had made up my mind if I liked her as well when I saw her again as I had for the two weeks I had lived in the same boarding house with her I would begin to talk seriously to her. I knew nothing about her whatever, except that she interested me, and as she seemed to be a nice woman, and I had two boys who needed a good woman's care, I thought she might interest my boys as well. She had given me her photograph, and I had it with me on the trip, to let her see, if necessary, that I liked to have her around. On my way I stopped over one night in Chicago with a brother I had there, and during the night my room was entered by a burglar. He must have been a very smooth one, for I never heard a thing, and only knew he had been there by finding my money and watch and jewelry and papers done up in a package and left on the bureau. Nothing was missing as far as I could discover, except the photograph, which I had left in a handsome leather frame on the bureau. Frame and photograph were gone, and pinned to the mirror was a note, in a good, legible hand, which read as follows:

"'Dear Sir: Whoever you may be, pardon the liberty I have taken in coming uninvited into your room. I have taken with me nothing but a photograph of my mother. Don't tell her.'

"Possibly the hand shook when it wrote the note, but if it did I could not detect it in the writing. Evidently, though, it was genuine, for the burglar had left nearly $1,000 worth of stuff that he could have taken with the photograph. In any event, I did not mention the visit of the burglar to my brother, and he had not disturbed any other part of the house, my room probably being the first, and the photograph saving all the others. Neither did I say anything to the widow about the burglar, or about the other matter, either. I was just as polite as ever, but it ended there. Incidentally I spoke to her one day about my boys, and she said she had a boy somewhere in the world, but he had run away from home when he was sixteen, and she had not seen him in seven years, or heard of him. There were tears in her eyes when she spoke, and I felt a little odd about the eyes myself, but I kept my secret. I'm telling it now because she died about a year ago."

A FAMOUS EDITOR.

Reminiscences of Beriah Brown, the Friend of Horace Greeley.

Beriah Brown, who died recently in Anaconda, Mont., of pneumonia, was at one time one of the best known editors in the United States, and had a personal acquaintance with all the prominent men of his time from Maine to California. For two years he and Horace Greeley were roommates at the old Graham House in New York, and both being men of sharp wit and differing opinions their debates were constant, and neither ever succeeded in convincing the other of the error of his ways. They never had a personal quarrel, and when their ways separated they kept up a correspondence until Mr. Greeley's death. Brown had the greatest respect and admiration for Greeley, and thought he was the most indefatigable worker he had ever known.

"I never went to bed so late," he said, "that I did not leave Mr. Greeley studying, and I never got up so early that I did not find him reading or writing."

Lewis Cass, the famous Michigan politician, was another friend of Brown, and had such a high regard for him as to establish him in the newspaper business at Niles in that State. James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Stephen A. Douglas and Horatio Seymour were all close personal friends of Mr. Brown. For more than twenty years Mr. Brown was identified with the political and educational interests of Wisconsin, and during that time he ran for Congress against John F. Potter, later known as "Bowie Knife," owing to his choice of bowie knives when challenged by Representative Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia.

In 1862 Mr. Brown moved to California, and when Lincoln was killed his office, the Democratic Press, was sacked by a mob, and a priceless library of 20,000 volumes, which he had been years in collecting for the purpose of writing a political history of the country, was piled up in the street and burned.

In 1867 Brown went to Seattle and issued the Dispatch, the first daily paper in that city. Mr. Brown made a great fight against the Northern Pacific when it selected Tacoma as the terminus of the road. That eastern investors kept away and that Jay Cooke and the Northern Pacific went into bankruptcy are matters of history.

Brown was several years past the fourscore point, and although his hearing was defective his mind was keen, and he was interested in public affairs to the last. He was an honest man, and though he made enemies they respected him.

Caught a Wild Man in Wolf Traps.

A wild man was captured in the hills near Plum Fork, Ky., a few days ago. He had been seen a number of times by different persons, but all efforts to capture him had proved fruitless until Louis Brown, a farmer, set two of his strongest wolf traps at a cave where the man had been sleeping. He was caught in both traps by the nose and right hand. When Brown found him he was trying to loose the trap from his nose, but when he saw Brown he set up a most dismal howl and attempted to run. He was released and confined in a stable belonging to William Rice. For several days he would not speak, but he was finally induced to talk. He said his name was Levi Brewer, and that he was raised near Warfield on the Big Sandy. He appears frightened when strangers approach, but quiets down when he finds they do not intend to hurt him. His nails on his hands and feet are like the talons of an eagle and he is completely covered with hair. He told the correspondent that he had supported himself by fishing and catching game with his hands.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Retort Courteous.

"My dear," said Growells, "you are simply talking nonsense."

"I know it," replied his better half, "but it's because I want you to understand what I say."—Chicago News.

Don't think because a corporation has no sole it is on its uppers.

Electricity in Capsules!

Is made from cheap chemicals, and when added to a certain quantity of water will furnish electricity enough to light a house or drive an automobile. But this is nothing compared to the strengthening power contained in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles.

His Field—"Jipson has failed in all the newspaper work he has undertaken." "Are they going to bounce him?" "Oh, no. They are going to make him the dramatic critic."

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Where Ignorance Isn't Bliss.—Lawyer—Were you ever called to serve on a jury before? Juror—No, Sir. This is the first time my intelligence has ever been questioned.

Business Opportunities.

$9000, Hotel, clearing $4000 a year; $175, Barber Shop, clearing $75 a month; $500, working Partner, can learn trade and make $1000 a year; $250, Candy Store, clearing $1000 a year; one hundred bargains in Saloons, Lodging Houses, Stores, Ranches, Houses, Lands, Lots, Etc. Information absolutely free, and we guarantee every statement we make. 24 years of established reliability. Cosmopolitan Agency, 44 Geary street, San Francisco.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "when you does a man a favor he never fohgits it. He jes' laughs at you de res' o' his life foh bein' so easy."

One or two Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills, taken once or twice a week, will give you regular bowels, good appetite, pure blood and the laugh on the doctor. 10c, 25c. Druggists.

Mother—Put your sun-bonnet on, my child, if your going to play in the yard, or you'll get freckles. Child (who forgot)—Oh, mamma; give me my bonnet, quick! the yard is full of freckles

Kill Germs of Disease.

The modern way to cure disease is to destroy its germs. Cascarets Candy Cathartic are modern germ-killers, and cleansers. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

"I am thinking sadly of the past," remarked the saloon keeper, as he regarded the "queer" dollar which the transient customer had worked on him.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Ten thousand people, and more, are in the first rush to Nome. Ten thousand will Nome more next Fall.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Chicago thinks she has 2,000,000 people. She will probably think differently when she comes to her census.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

One Warning Sufficient.

"Now, madam," said the crotchety judge who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, "we want no hearsay evidence. Tell only what you know. Your name, please."

"Mary Jones," replied the witness.

"Your age?"

"Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point, so I won't answer."—Philadelphia Press.

Beecher's Hard Luck.

One day in a town where he was to lecture Mr. Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear Beecher lecture.

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand."

"That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand when I've heard that man talk."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Choice of a Word.

"You look robust," remarked the lady of the house. "Are you equal to the task of sawing wood?"

"Equal isn't the word, madam," replied the pilgrim as he resumed his journey. "I'm superior to it."—Philadelphia Record.

Better Blood Better Health

If you don't feel well today you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, salt rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

ATLAS BOURBON

Especially Mellow and Attractive to the Taste.

ADMIRABLE DIETETIC PROPERTIES

Be sure to have a bottle home. For Sale by Dealers.

Mohns & Kaltenbach, Proprietors, 29 Market St., S.F.

Lincoln's Coolness.

Thomas F. Prendle, for 35 years a doorkeeper at the executive mansion, used frequently to accompany President Lincoln on his walks about town and has many interesting things to tell of that great man, whom he believes to have been one of the bravest men the world has ever known.

On one occasion Prendle was walking with the president down a flight of steps at the navy department when they came suddenly upon a man who was evidently endeavoring to hide himself in a dark corner at the bottom of the staircase. Observing the stranger and fearing he meant harm to the president, Prendle essayed to place his body in a position to protect his companion.

Mr. Lincoln, however, brave and fearless as always, stepped forward and closely scrutinized the man, who ran rapidly up the steps and, turning squarely around when he reached the top, looked down upon the president, who did not falter, but continued to gaze sharply at him. On their return to the White House Mr. Lincoln said quite calmly, "Prendle, do you know I received a letter last night warning me against a man who exactly answered the description of that man we met on the steps?"—Leslie's Weekly.

Cedars Twenty Centuries Old.

Some cedars are undoubtedly more than 2,000 years old, for, though on good moraine soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overswept granite ridges in the dome region they grow extremely slow.

One on the Starr King ridge, only 2 feet 11 inches in diameter, was 1,140 years old. Another on the same ridge, only 1 foot 7½ inches in diameter, had reached the age of 834 years. The first 15 inches, from the bark of a medium seized tree—6 feet in diameter—on the north Tenaya pavement had 859 layers of wood, or 57 to the inch. Beyond this the count was stopped by dry rot and overgrown wounds.

The largest I examined was 33 feet in girth, or nearly 10 feet in diameter, and, though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees 8 to 10 feet thick, standing on polished glacier pavements, are more than 20 centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed, they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite.—John Muir in Atlantic.

A Mightier Tribe.

Once upon a time the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, N. Y., brother to Henry Ward Beecher, got into some sort of a quarrel with a man named Smith down at Cohoes. Thomas K. Beecher wrote the presumptuous man a defiant little note, saying curtly:

"Do you want to get into a quarrel with the Beecher family?"

And the man wrote back, with a snarl:

"Do you want to fight with the Smith family?"

And no Beecher could stand that. Thomas K. laughed and hastened to make terms.—Los Angeles Times.

Answered.

Henry Fielding was once asked by Lord Denbigh why he wrote his name "Fielding" instead of "Feilding," as his lordship's family used.

"I cannot tell, my lord," replied the novelist, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."—San Francisco Argonaut.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

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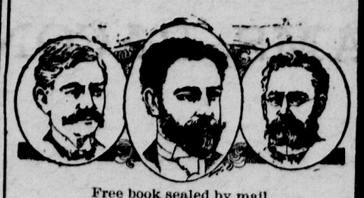

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CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

ITCHING Piles produce moisture and cause itching. This form, as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a Jar at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. DR. BOSANKO, Philada, Pa.

The debilitating drains and discharges which weaken so many women are caused by Catarrh of the distinctly feminine organs. The sufferer may call her trouble Leuchorrhoea, or Weakness, or Female Disease or some other name, but the real trouble is catarrh of the female organs and nothing else.

Pe-ru-na radically and permanently cures this and all other forms of Catarrh. It is a positive specific for female troubles caused by catarrh of the delicate lining of the organs peculiar to women. It always cures if used persistently. It is prompt and certain.

Improved Ball-Bearing **$18 SEWING MACHINE**

will do as much work and as great a variety as the highest price machine sold. Operates on ball-bearings, runs with no noise and little effort. We warrant it satisfactory to the user in use for 10 years. To introduce this machine we will, for a limited time, send our No. 3 style, as illustrated, with attachments, on receipt of $18, freight paid. Write today for our Catalogue of Sewing Machines.

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Can easily trace their trouble to the blood, but that don't help, unless they find a remedy.

Moore's Revealed Remedy

Purifies the blood—makes sick women strong and well. $1.00 per bottle at the drug store.

Vim, Vigor and Vitality.

The Atlas Kalamazoo Celery Pepsin Bitters is a wonderful invigorator. It digests the food, promotes sound sleep and is a remarkable aphrodisiac. Be sure and try it; $7.50 case; $1.00 bottle. Send P. O. order if your dealer does not carry it.

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Delay no longer; the remedy that will cure you quickly, satisfactory and permanently is within your reach.

No remedy that has been offered to the afflicted for the cure of

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ELECTROZONE

It does not merely afford temporary relief, but its use produces a permanent cure.

When all other remedies fail, and where the disease baffles the skill of the ablest physician ELECTROZONE will effect a speedy and positive cure.

At druggists $1 bottle. Send for pamphlet to Electrozone Mfg. Co., S. F.

If not obtainable from your druggist it will be sent, charges prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00 bottle.

Are you looking for trouble ?

No? Then you had better get ready to irrigate your land right now. You've lost several crops by not doing it—do you want to lose another? Our pumping plants are fully guaranteed. Send full particulars.

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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